TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

SENATOR ALDRICH, of "plunderbund" fame, has shown very indignant over the refusal of Canadians to allow Americans to continue their exploitation of Canadian forests as in the past. He describes the prohibition of further exportation of pulpwood as a "mediæval expedient," and the docile Senate immediately proceeds to concoct retaliatory measures. But since as this is taken as an indication of inefficiency by Senator Aldrich, I can say with all confidence that if the action of the Canadian legislatures is mediaeval, that proposed by the American Senate is nothing short of antediluvian. It is neither more or less than the old case of cutting off one's nose—an expedient as old as Folly, which is older than the race of men. If Americans cannot have Canadian pulpwood, they are going to do without Canadian pulp, too. As it is, with Canada furnishing more than one-third of the pulpwood used in the United States, they cannot do without our pulp, and import it in large quantities. And then, when the supply of Canadian spruce will have been entirely cut off, they are going to cut off the pulp as well, in order to get even. Retaliatory legislation has certainly a logic of its own.

If there is anything that should convince Canadians of the wisdom of their course in refusing to allow Americans to exploit our timberlands without contributing to the industrial development of the country, it is precisely such action as this on the part of the American Senate. This shows how serious the position is in the eyes of the American manufacturer, and gives proof that the Canadian has the whiphand in the matter of the pulp and paper industry. He is in a position to dictate terms. It is well known that the disastrously wasteful methods of American lumbermen have placed their forests in such condition that they cannot fill their home demand for pulpwood for more than a few years, even at the present rate of demand. But the demand is rapidly growing, and the need for outside supplies of pulpwood has become more and more imperative, until Canada is now suplying more than a third of the wood used. The refusal of Canadians to continue this supply can have only one effect. The American will be obliged to manufacture in Canada. He has to have the pulp, and if he cannot get it at home he will have to get it elsewhere. And a number of the biggest manufacturers of the United States, the International Paper Company, the Browns of Berlin mills, and others, have already bought great tracts of timberland in Quebec, and have obtained the rights on fine water-powers as a preparation for just such an event. When they are finally forced to do so—though not before, and against their wills—they will make of each of these water-powers the centre of a thriving paper-town. If mediæval methods can lead to any such fortunate result as this, their long survival is more than justified. It will be interesting to compare the outcome of the Canadian system with the result of the American policy of retaliation. As matters stand there is every indication that Canadians will not only keep their forests and forest-products, but will ultimately find a comparatively free and rich market for pulp in the United States as well.

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THERE has been much excitement of late among the women of Toronto over the presence here of the delegates of the congress of the International Council of Women. The visit of five hundred particularly strong-minded members of the sex could not fail to awaken even the most enslaved of household drudges to a sense of her broader mission in life and the need of a vote. So the air and the newspapers have been filled of late with talks of suffragist and suffragette, and equal moral standards, and the necessity of pure milk; and many a man's meals have been made occasions of eager debate on these and kindred subjects. But the congress has served a bigger and better purpose than to awaken in the women of Toronto a general longing for unusual fields of activity. It has brought together from widely separated countries and different nationalities a large number of earnest and intellectual women who are working for the advancement of their sex and so of the whole human race. Whatever may be thought of certain parts of their programme, there can be little doubt of the great advantage of such women meeting and discussing together the work to which they are devoting all their ability and energy. This is the very best means of correcting whatever extravagances may arise from their enthusiasm, and also of giving to their movement that unity of aim and purpose, which can alone bring it to a successful issue. This, for the delegates themselves, is probably the best result of such a conference. It is rather too much to expect that the sessions should bring out any very new and startling line of thought, or any statement of facts of a sensational character. The purpose is to discuss things that have often been discussed before, and to state facts that have been known by many for some time. But it is hoped by such discussion and such statement to bring the thoughts and facts home to women generally as they have never been brought, and to awaken a new and widespread interest in the subjects on which the conference is working. And whatever may be the direct and practical result of the efforts of the delegates, one thing is certain: that anything which arouses women to the serious consideration of the needs of the great world of life and endeavor which lies outside the home is a benefit to the whole race.

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ARE Canadians less polite than people of other races? This may seem a sufficiently impudent enquiry, but by those who attended one of the meetings of the International Congress of Women at the end of last week it will, at least, be regarded as pertinent. The meeting in question was principally devoted to the reading of papers on public health by various foreign delegates. These ladies, with one exception, spoke in English, giving evidence of their courtesy, and also of their ability as linguists. Of course, there was always a more or less pronounced foreign accent, and their phrases at times had a foreign ring, but the speeches were remarkably well done, and also very interesting. There was one lady especially, a delegate from Denmark, who made a few trifling errors of phrase and accent in her address, which was given without notes, and was evidently quite extemporaneous. But the whole thing was delivered with such grace and charming good humor, that it was a delight to listen to her. The most elementary notions of good breeding would naturally dictate that blunders, even much more laughable than hers, should be passed over without notice. Of course her own good-humored and graceful acceptance of the situation was partly the cause of her hearers giving way without restraint to their feelings; but even this does not excuse the unedifying spectacle of half the audience leaning back in their seats and shrieking in an ecstacy of enjoyment at her mistakes. There was no malice in their laughter, but there was undoubtedly a great deal of rudeness. And, then, to make matters worse, one of the local speakers who followed her tried to make a joke out of one of her expressions. She had spoken about milk in the old days being brought into Copenhagen in wooden "caskets"—an amusing, but quite pardonable slip—and this clumsy jester said something about thinking she had referred to bodies being carried in caskets. In justice to the ladies, it must be admitted that the speaker in question was a man, and also a somewhat nervous man at being called upon to address such a gathering of women. But even nervousness does not excuse such a tactless blunder. Altogether, the incident was a distinctly unpleasant one, and calculated to give a bad impression of Canadian courtesy. It is true that those who laughed were not all Canadians. But the majority of those present were; and the fact that some foreign delegates also forgot to be polite, does not greatly improve matters. The incident was, perhaps, a very slight thing in itself, but it is just such slight things that combine to produce a serious impression, and [illegible] prejudice. Americans have often been ch[illegible] tion with carelessness in the little refinements of daily intercourse; and it would be too bad that a large number of influential women from all parts of the world should have reason to include Canadians in the same class of the impolite. It is all very well to have big hearts and big heads and big bodies and a big country; but there are a number of smaller things which are hardly less important in the aggregate. And of these, one of the greatest is good manners. It is true that this partakes of the nature of a platitude. But even copy-book wisdom will stand repetition when it is not sufficiently well learned. So let me repeat the old saying that "manners maketh man"—and also nations.

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THE proposal to repeal the city by-law prohibiting children from playing ball and other games in the streets of Toronto is the latest development of the policy of dodging the playgrounds question. The street is no place for children to play, especially in a city as large as this. The practice is dangerous, and moreover it constitutes a nuisance. As it is, many people are seriously annoyed by the racket made nightly by boys playing at their very doors. In a few very polite or semi-surburban neighborhoods this practice is not indulged in to any extent. In other streets everybody is used to noise and no one worries about it. But in the great majority of Toronto's good residential streets there is too much noisy play, even at present. The average professional or business man, no matter how great a friend he may be of boys in general, does not enjoy having his family disturbed, as they sit on their verandah in the evenings, by an unholy row such as only shrill-voiced boys know how to make. He pays heavy taxes, and expects in his leisure hours about his home to have rather more of quiet than occupants of shacks in "The Ward." If the by-law were repealed the conditions would be worse than ever, and householders would be powerless to appeal against them. As a matter of fact boys will always use the streets for play more or less, and no one will object to this if the privilege is not abused. We have heard this week that twelve hundred children in this city were last year arrested for playing in the streets, but the chief inspector of the police force denies this, and points out the children arrested were as a rule charged by private citizens with destroying property, using bad language, and so on. The police here are not habitually or unnecessarily hard on the boys. It is the custom of constables, when they do stop street play, to merely direct the boys indulging in it to a vacant lot. But a vacant lot is not always available. That is where the trouble arises. The municipality ought to provide more playgrounds, instead of making matters worse by even suggesting the further encouragement of play in the streets.

This playground question is more than a local one. No remarkably active imagination is required to picture the widespread evils that may result from the perversion of youth in a large city by reason of lack of opportunities for healthy recreation. Boys must play some place, in some fashion. If they are without proper playgrounds, it is not their fault if they disturb people in their homes on summer evenings. It is not entirely their fault if they are run down and injured or killed by passing vehicles. Nor are they altogether to blame if in the streets they learn evil habits and later become criminals and troublesome charges, not only to their native city but to society at large.

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THIS week there was issued by William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, a book with a bright red cover on which there is a picture of a young man, rifle in hand, standing beside the body of a huge rhinoceros which he has shot. And turning over the pages of the volume, one discovers more pictures—sixty-one, according to the publisher's announcement—in quite a number of which the same young man is seen in positions suggestive of heroism, power and authority. The book by its appearance is one to appeal to the Canadian boy looking for tales of prowess and adventure. But it is probable that the Canadian boy's father, when he comes upon it, will be inclined to glance at the title and at the pictures and then to lay the book aside with a smile and perhaps some such remark as: "Well, well, that smart young man is talking again, eh!" The title of the volume is "My African Journey," and the author, whose picture appears so frequently therein, is the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. And if the boy who picks up the book will read it he will find it absorbing. The intelligent Canadian adult who reads it will find it more than absorbing; and the intelligent Canadian who fails to read it will miss one of the important books of the year. For, in addition to being charmingly written and full of interest as a mere record of travel, it is vital and striking in its treatment of Imperial issues.

It appears to be about time that Canadians made themselves acquainted with Winston Churchill. That "smart young fellow" has grown a very great deal since, as a bumptious youth he served as newspaper correspondent during the South African war. This member of the British Government is a very different man from the youth who came to Canada to lecture on his experiences among the Boers. His actions in Toronto at that time were irresponsible and somewhat asinine. Most of the newspaper men who came into contact with him here judged him to be either a crack-brained, bumptious youth, or a madly egotistical young cad, or both. But that is some years ago. Winston is not as young as he once was. He still bubbles over with self-confidence, but a careful scrutiny of his utterances on many questions, political, social, and literary, during the past three years reveals admirable self-restraint as well as extraordinary insight and unusual powers of straight thinking. No one today can deny his political genius.

In his book just issued he tells of his journey made last year through British East Africa, the Soudan and Egypt, as a representative of the Colonial Office. With the skill of a practised writer he has engagingly combined the record of his personal experiences of hunting and travel with observations and reflections on the duties and responsibilities of the British Government in Africa and throughout the Empire. Many volumes of facts and figures would fail to give one the clear idea of the magnitude of these responsibilities that one gets from a perusal of Mr. Churchill's familiar study of the people living under British protection in East and Central Africa, and the civilizing work performed or waiting to be performed throughout those vast regions by the greatest of colonizing nations. He travelled over the Uganda Railway—one of the most remarkable of modern engineering achievements. By this road, carefully maintained and well equipped, a man can penetrate the heart of Africa as safely and comfortably as he can journey from Toronto to Montreal. Let me briefly quote from Mr. Churchill's description of this astonishing Imperial enterprise: "The British art of 'muddling through' is

REV. DR. ANNA SHAW

A GROUP OF DELEGATES

LADY ABERDEEN AND MRS. JOHN THOMPSON

LINED UP FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

LADY ABERDEEN MRS. EDWIN GRAY

AT THE CONGRESS OF WOMEN

here seen in one of its finest expositions. Through everything—through the forests, through the ravines, through troops of marauding lions, through famine, through war, through five years of excoriating Parliamentary debate, muddled and marched the railway; and here at last, in some more or less effective fashion, is it arrived at its goal. Other nations project Central African railways as lightly and easily as they lay down naval programmes; but here is a railway, like the British fleet, 'in being'—not a paper plan or an airy dream, but an iron fact grinding along through the jungle and the plain, waking with its whistles the silences of the Nyanza, and startling the tribes out of their primordial nakedness with 'Americani' piece goods *made in Lancashire*."

And the author tells how, throughout the region traversed by this road—a region of vast potentialities—agents of the British Government preserve order and administer British law, establishing peace and the beginnings of civilization, where formerly tribal warfare and chaos reigned. So much for what has been accomplished; but Mr. Churchill is even more interesting when he speculates as to the future. He looks at everything with a practical eye, pointing out the places at which the river Nile might easily be harnessed; and looking forward to the time when North-east Africa will be served by a system of steam navigation 20,000 miles in extent. He even goes farther and suggests that some day this system may connect with the Rhodes Cape to Cairo railroad, making the most marvelous of transcontinental lines.

But the gravest of all colonizing problems is that of the disposition of men of various races. Mr. Churchill points out that East Africa can never be a white man's country as is Canada, for example. And he fears for the day, should it ever come, when the fortunes of the natives of the various British protectorates there will be removed from "the impartial and august administration of the Crown and abandoned to the fierce self-interest of a small white population." This brings Mr. Churchill to a discussion of the world-wide race problem. He says that in both East and South Africa, it is the Asiatic that is causing the trouble, as he is beginning to cause trouble on the Pacific coast of our own continent. As Mr. Churchill says in this connection: "A whole series of new problems has arisen, and will grow graver and larger as the immediate history of the British Empire unfolds itself. They erect themselves upon a field almost wholly unstudied, and familiar only by the prejudices which in every direction obstruct movement and view." Yet he thinks that wise and tolerant statesmanship ought to be able to settle the question fairly. He takes it for granted that British countries, such as Canada and Australia, the economical life of which is based on the requirements of a white working class, will exclude Asiatics. He reminds us that no community can safely establish itself on the manual labor of an inferior class. But there is much work in many parts of the world which white men can never do. In the British tropical Protectorates there is scope for the natives of Hindustan who wish to test their colonizing capacity; and Asiatics of all sorts could find plenty of work to do in East Africa. Why not encourage the men of various races within the Empire, as well as those who invade it, to settle in these fertile tropical regions, to which they are naturally adapted? By some such means as this Mr. Churchill thinks the race problem can eventually be solved. At all events the manner and temper in which he treats this difficult question gives the reader a comfortable feeling of assurance that the larger Imperial issues are in careful, capable hands.

A unique atmosphere pervades the Government offices in London. No one can pass even a little time there without being mightily sobered by the responsibilities of governing not merely a nation, but a veritable world so vast and complex as the British Empire. No one, Conservative or Liberal, escapes this influence—not even the apparently irrepressible Winston Churchill.

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THIS year is no exception to the rule that summer in Canada must be ushered in with the tremendous destruction of timber resources involved in our forest fires. New Brunswick has been the principal scene of the devastation this time, and the newspapers have contained terrible accounts of ruined woodlands and in many cases of settlements that have fallen a prey to the flames. This is certainly a condition of affairs that every possible means should be taken to prevent. There is no need to go into the question of the danger to human life. Without entering into considerations of that kind, there is reason enough and to spare to make the situation a very serious one, with most important bearing on the industrial future of large sections of the country. There are great tracts of land in Ontario and Quebec and New Brunswick, which cannot be properly devoted to any other industry but the lumber industry. The only crop they are fit to bear is the timber crop. And in such districts these forest fires work irreparable damage. It is well known that in Canada the flames have wrought far greater destruction than the axe of the woodman, ruthless as it often is. And it is a form of destruction which in a few hours consumes the growth of timber so completely, as to make its renewal a matter, not of years, but of centuries.

As everyone who has spent any time in the Canadian bush knows, there is practically no soil there, but merely the humus, or deposit of broken down vegetation. The bare rock foundation is covered with this mass of decomposed wood and plant life which the trees bind together by their roots. This humus burns just like so much punk, and that is what makes a forest fire so fearfully destructive. For it not only kills the trees but consumes the humus as well, and thus takes away the hope of an aftergrowth. Burnt over lands may thus be turned into a barren waste for centuries. And there are unfortunately only too many of such lands in Canada. Time was when the timber resources of the Dominion were rated in terms of a billion of acres. Dr. Bell put it at 1,650,000,000 acres of woodland. But subsequent exploration has shown that a great part of this vast extent of territory has been so thoroughly burnt over that it possesses little or no commercially valuable timber. Nowadays, even optimistic estimates place the figures at little over three hundred million acres. Even thus reduced, this constitutes a magnificent amount of timber, but there is no timberland in existence that can long withstand the ravages of forest fires.

The only means of fighting the forest fire effectually is in a thorough system of supervision. There must be fire-rangers, many of them and well trained in their duties. They must also be properly equipped. In Maine where this system has been developed farther than in any other part of the continent, they use outlooks on mountain tops with field telephones. It is perhaps, still too early for any such elaborate system in Canada but

FAIR DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS FAMILY.
Miss Margery Cunard, daughter of Mr. W. S. Cunard and great-granddaughter of the founder of the Cunard Line.

certainly some effort should be made to approximate as nearly as possible to it. It is only by catching the fire in the beginning that it can be effectively handled. Once it is well under way it is generally impossible to control it. The only hope then is that nature will take up the work of arresting it. But before nature does so by means of a heavy rain or an adverse wind, a great forest might be destroyed.

Important as are quick and efficient means of getting to the fire once it has started, measures of prevention are more important still. The criminal negligence which goes away and leaves a smouldering camp fire, or starts to burn brush without due precautions, should be made a penal offence. Some years ago in Pontiac county, Quebec, a settler to clear a patch of land for the sowing of two bushels of potatoes, started a fire which destroyed 300,000,000 feet of pine timber, at a loss of over $3,000,000 to the province. And it is horrible to read that the recent fires in New Brunswick originated in one case in a fire which had been left as extinguished, and in another in a young farmer burning some waste in a field. Of course there is always a possibility of accident in these matters, but there is also in most cases a certainty of criminal negligence, and the law should see that men who wantonly cause such damage are properly punished. This is one of the many things to be done if Canada is to retain her magnificent timberlands. There is no use in the world in preventing aliens from exporting the wood, if it is to be food for forest fires through our neglect of the proper precautions. Much better that the Americans should have it than the flames.

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AT the convention of chiefs of police in Buffalo recently, our own Col. Grasett signalized himself by a paper in defence or extenuation of the "sweat-box," or practice of informal examination of prisoners by the police. He pointed out—and probably in all justice—that the "sweat-box" did not compare in brutality with the treatment of witnesses in cross-examination by some lawyers, and stated that the allusions frequently made to "sweating" by the police were unjustified, and arose from the ignorance of people who didn't know the difference between a "sweat-box" and a soap-box. There is probably a great deal of truth in all this, and undoubtedly much of what comes under the head of "sweating" is nothing more than an entirely legitimate process of investigation by the police. But the evil of the thing lies in its being so uncontrolled. Brutal as some lawyers, undoubtedly are in their treatment of witnesses, still the judge is always there to see that the witness is protected, and an appeal can always be made to him. But in the case of the "sweat-box" there is no such supervision. The limits to which the investigation may be carried and the methods to be used depend entirely on the judgment of the officer who is conducting it, and the judgment of police officers is a varying quantity. Thus is happens that those who are familiar with the workings of a police force—newspaper men, for instance—have heard stories of "sweating" methods, which no certainty of the prisoner's guilt could excuse. Not only have prisoners been put through gruelling verbal examinations, but physical violence has also been frequently used. They have even been taken out by their custodians and dragged through hideous orgies of debauch, in the hope of breaking down their self-control and so procuring a confession. It is a knowledge of this sort of thing that has led to the general prejudice against "sweating" methods. And though there is unquestionably much exaggeration in the popular notions on the subject, there is also enough truth to warrant the objection to the system. A certain amount of informal examination will always be made yb the police, and in this way lengthy and expensive trials are often saved. But at the same time every effort should be made to discourage "sweating" as much as possible, on account of the lengths to which it may be carried by over eager police officers who are anxious for a conviction.

THE COLONEL.

Arms and the Schoolboy.

THE Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, makes this comment on a much-discussed topic:

We view with equanimity the agitation which some Canadians of weight are conducting for an independent Canadian navy. Obviously, if England doubts her ability to protect herself at sea the colonies have the gravest reason for doubting her ability to protect them, and the Canadian agitation is a sufficiently logical echo of that in England. To the naval mind it is equally obvious that if Canada builds ships we must build about twice as many more.

Fortunately, we have a very large margin. Switzerland, we believe, is the only European state which spends more for public schools than for military purposes. Russia and Austria spend over four times as much for war as for education.

Now, our position in this respect is almost as strong as Switzerland's, if our pension-payments be excepted. In 1907, the last year for which a complete comparison is possible, we spent on the army and navy, excluding pensions, only sixty-six cents for every dollar spent on the public schools. Thus, in the judgment of the nation, preparedness for war was deemed only two-thirds as important as the education of children.

Probably this showing will cause the blush of shame to mantle many a martial cheek; but there is no getting away from the figures. Simply to pay the salaries of superintendents and teachers in all the public schools we spent only ten per cent. less than we devoted to army and navy. The average salary of a public-school teacher the country over is fifty dollars a month, and each teacher has, on an average, thirty-three pupils. By doubling the number of pupils to a teacher or reducing salaries one-half we could double our naval outlay, and in respect to the balance between war and education move up decidedly nearer to the Russian standard.

Queer Story of a Buried Treasure.

A ROMANTIC story, reminiscent in some respects of one of Edgar Allan Poe's tales, comes from Mahrisch-Schonberg, an ancient little town in the Austrian province of Moravia.

This town possessed a very fine old church steeple which despite protests from lovers of ancient architecture had to be pulled down recently owing to its unsafe condition. During the work of demolition workmen came upon a cavity containing a casket enclosing a document of the time of the Thirty Years' War, stating that the town council of the time, fearing an attack by the Swedish forces under Gustavus Adolphus, had buried the city treasure at a point where at a certain hour of a certain day of the year the shade of the steeple point would fall.

The discovery caused an enormous sensation locally. The steeple had already been pulled down, so that the means of identification was lost. Nothing seems to be known historically of the burial of the town treasure, but this is not surprising, since after the Thirty Years' War that part of the country went through some very troublous times. The document seems to be genuine enough. The authorities have decided to reconstruct the old steeple in wood from the measurements, as far as they are known, and to see whether the treasure can be thus located. These measurements are, however, far from complete, and some doubt may be entertained whether the plan will lead to the desired discovery.

The London Star says: "To the flat-dweller, the flat across the landing and those immediately overhead and underfoot become, willy-nilly, branch departments of his own establishment. People of Imperialistic leanings may even imagine in their condition a flattering resemblance to that of the British Empire; their own flat being England, the Empire's centre, while the self-governing colonies live all around them, separate, yet with unbreakable ties of relationship—South Africa upstairs, Canada across the landing, and Australia underneath. And a very comfortable empire one's flat is—so long as the colonies upstairs, downstairs, and across the way are on amiable terms with the centre. That condition is of the highest importance. One truculent colony can dishevel the empire. If the flat upstairs desires to make itself nasty to the flat below, there are scores of opportunities open to its malicious ingenuity; and the same equally applies to the flat downstairs and across the landing. But such ill-relations are by no means as frequent as critics dwelling in houses love to suggest."

Austria has as much railroad mileage in proportion to territory as Missouri, some 13,000 odd miles, and over 8,000 are operated by the State. This portion is about to be operated electrically, as the kingdom produces little coal, and that of low grade. The State engineers have examined and reported upon 5,000 miles of rivers and creeks, and over 200 sites for power stations. Work upon twelve of the stations will be begun during the current year. Private ownership of water powers adds to the difficulties of the undertaking on the legal side, but it is anticipated the State will arrange to furnish power at low rates to those whose water rights are taken over.

One of the clever young business women in Germany, well known in Berlin society, has just procured, on behalf of the company of which she is chairwoman, a contract from the Belgian State Railways, which marks the last thing in railway economy effected by a foreign government. Miss Stoete's syndicate has received permission to collect all newspapers, and paper of every description left in carriages on the Belgian railways, and in return contracts to manufacture and supply free of charge from the paper thus obtained as many cardboard tickets as the railways may require. It is estimated that the company will make a profit of from 12 to 15 per cent. a year.

Sir Richard Whittington, the "Dick" of the nursery tale who went to London to seek his fortune and found it by the help of his cat, survives in fact as well as fiction, and to much better purpose. The present session of Parliament will have to consider a bill to regulate a charity left by him which now yields an annual income of more than $100,000, and this is only one of many benefactions which the world's capital still owes to the Lord Mayor of five hundred years ago.

The oldest university in the world is at Pekin, China, and is called the "School for the Sons of the Empire." A granite register, consisting of stone columns, 320 in number, contains the names of 60,000 graduates.

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The bonds will be dated 1st June, 1909, and payable on the 1st June, 1939, in denominations of $1,000 each, with coupons attached for interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly on the 1st June and 1st December in each year at the office of the Provincial Treasurer, Toronto, or at the offices of the Bank of Montreal, in Montreal, Canada, and in New York, N.Y., at the holder's option. Bonds will be made payable to bearer, but on request will be registered in the office of the Provincial Treasurer and endorsed as payable only to the order of certain persons or corporations, and on request of holders will be exchanged for "Ontario Government Stock" at any time.

"Ontario Government Stock" will bear interest from the 1st day of June, 1909, principal payable on the 1st day of June, 1939, and interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum will be paid half-yearly by cheque on the 1st day of June and 1st day of December in each year. "Ontario Government Stock" may be subscribed for in sums of $50 or multiples thereof, and will be transferable in the books of the Treasury Department only by the holder or his attorney in similar manner to transfers of bank stock.

The issue price during the month of June, 1909, will be 102 for each $100, and after the 30th day of June, 1909, the issue price will be 102 and interest accrued from the 1st June, 1909.

ALL BONDS AND INSCRIBED STOCK ISSUED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE SAID ACT ARE FREE FROM ALL ONTARIO PROVINCIAL TAXES, CHARGES, SUCCESSION DUTY AND IMPOSITIONS WHATSOEVER.

Purchasers of Stock or Bonds will be required to send certified cheque with the application, payable to the order of the "Provincial Treasurer of Ontario."

This loan is raised upon the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund of Ontario, and is chargeable thereupon.

Subscribers should state whether they desire bonds or "Ontario Government Stock."

Example: A subscriber for $1,000 will have the option of taking either a bond or "Ontario Government Stock." A subscriber for $750 will be given "Ontario Government Stock," as bonds are only in the denomination of $1,000.

A. J. MATHESON,
Provincial Treasurer.

Treasury Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 3rd June, 1909.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE
PURE AND DELICIOUS.
Made in a moment. No waste. No trouble. Of all Grocers.

THE INVESTOR

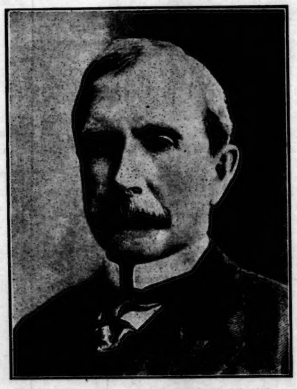
TORONTO **MONTREAL**

Montreal, June 21, 1909.

MR. D. LORNE McGIBBON, financier, has arrived. Some say he arrived a good while ago, and possibly he did but the most of us only heard him come the other day. Although he has been more or less prominent in transactions of various kinds for a few years past, it so happens that it was the purchase of a big block of LaRose shares which has more particularly drawn attention to him at the present moment. He took 110,000 shares at around market prices, and, as the transaction was practically a cash one and amounted to over three-quarters of a million dollars, it took quite a little small change from the banks to meet the bill. The purchase was made for Mr. McGibbon and his group, which consists also of George W. Stephens, Alex. Pringle, Shirley Ogilvie, and others. Altogether they own around 150,000 shares, the cost of which was in excess of a million dollars. Mr. McGibbon is to be elected to the directorate of the company.

It is probably more interesting to read of a man's failings than his virtues. We all like to think we are not the worst off, anyway. Hence, were I acquainted with Mr. McGibbon I would probably be able to relate something which would be more encouraging to us than I have been able to gather from his friends. They only tell me of things he has accomplished, so that it begins to look as though he had never done anything but accomplish and acquire. He is still in the matter of age, low down in the forties, and yet is a multi-millionaire or very near it, and we just about where we were so many years ago! At any rate he was able to give ten thousand dollars last week to the Y.M.C.A. fund, and as he is an eminently practical man he wouldn't do that unless there were other ten-thousands where it came from.

Most of us first heard of Mr. McGibbon while he occupied an executive position in the Laurentide Paper Co. Why he left that company is hard to say, unless it was that he was restive under control. That is more or less a characteristic of men of strong personality. One who is fully convinced that his own way is the best is not apt to thank others for making him take their direction. Evidently, in his climb up to that time, he had trodden on a number of toes, for there were those who expressed satisfaction when they heard he had left the Laurentide Co. They predicted he wouldn't get another job like that in a hurry. He didn't—not the same kind of job at any rate—and from present appearances he never will. But he furnishes a good many jobs of that kind for others. It is better to be boss than bossed.



ROCKEFELLER AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS CAREER.

⁂

A Sporting Financier.

I could probably tell you other things about his various financial interests, but so could an adding machine. I am concerned rather in the man. And, in this connection, he has proved himself a follower of the sport of kings of late, having just purchased the racer "Busy," which was a winner in the recent meet at Blue Bonnets. He has long been a first-class billiard player, and is one of the champion cue handlers of St. James's Club. His friends predict that he will meet the same success in the game of golf, which he is taking up with his characteristic energy, on the Dixie links. A very nice compliment was paid the late R. D. McGibbon, K.C., the other day. The talk was about the LaRose deal and D. Lorne McGibbon's connection therewith. Someone mentioned that he was a brother of the late R. D. McGibbon. "Well," said another, "I never met D. Lorne, but the brother of Bob McGibbon doesn't need to bring any better introductions with him when he comes around our way."

⁂

McGibbon and Miner.

When next we heard of him he was forming the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company. In fact, it was through this deal that he first impressed himself upon the public as a likely rival for first-class honors among the financiers of the country. Somewhere in that deal he must have done something to make Mr. S. H. C. Miner dislike him. At any rate Miner dislikes him—hasn't a particle of use for him, in fact. The details would be interesting if a true version could be obtained. Certain it is that Mr. Miner, who had long been one of the biggest rubber men in Canada and who had one of the largest interests in the new consolidation, gave up the presidency and was succeeded by Mr. McGibbon. Mr. Miner was not voted out, he retired, and it is not by virtue of his vote that D. Lorne occupies the chair. The ex-president had a good deal to do with cutting down the amount of the bonds and preferred stock, when the company was being formed, and the present president had a good deal to do with the common stock, and the difficulty probably came in somewhere around here. Mr. Miner has organized an opposition rubber company, but, in the face of this and heavy selling of Consolidated Rubber securities by some person or persons who didn't fully grasp the situation, Mr. McGibbon put the price of these securities away up and held them there. In fact, it is said that he sold control of the common stock to U. S. rubber interests at close to 90 when the price was around 30 on the local exchange.

It is because of these and other things that I am inclined to accept the judgment of a man to whom I spoke, some months since. "I met a real big man, yesterday," said he, "biggest man I've met since I came to Canada." I enquired the name; "McGibbon, of the Rubber Company," said he. A broker who is close to some of his deals tells me that he really has a big grasp of things and that he will be more of a factor than ever, now that he is about to return from Saranac Lake. For it must be remembered that while his wealth has been accumulating rapidly the past few years, he has been on the sick-list at Saranac Lake—the place where people go to get rid of tuberculosis. He went there shortly after becoming president of the Rubber Company, and his increased avordupois and activity attest to the value of his strict adherance to the instructions of his medical adviser. In any case, for the good of the country it is to be hoped that neither he nor the other members of his group will permit themselves to become absorbed by any of the large banking interests which systematically gather in wealthy waifs of this nature who give promise of becoming too dangerous rivals. It is good for the country to have rivals in finance—it prevents it falling into the hands of the few.

⁂

Toronto, June 24, 1909.

A GOOD deal of irregularity has characterized the trade on the stock exchanges within the week. Many operators, it is presumed, took profits on the late bulges, and are now anxious that prices should re-act. To say that the bright prospects for trade have been fully discounted already in the stock market would be presumptuous, but it is always wise to take profits, and some large ones have no doubt been made by the buyers earlier in the year. Manipulation has been made easy by the cheapness of money, and not a few cliques have been very successful in their operations. The recent upward movement in Rio de Janiero has been followed by a downward swing. This stock is a mystery to the outsider, but influential parties seem to have great confidence in the company's future. The recent selling of the security was due in part to the savage attack made on the property by London Truth, which calls it a "water-logged Yankee-Canadian enterprise." This paper points out that the company's charges have provoked riots in Rio de Janeiro, and says that before the trouble is over it will have to reduce its tariff 30 to 40 per cent. The statement is made in Toronto that a dividend will be declared on Rio the coming autumn, and that Mr. William Mackenzie has expressed himself in favor of 6 per cent.

⁂

Mexican Power.

There has been very little trading in Mexican Light & Power Co. stock since the damage to the company's property by floods took place. Even the declaration of the regular 1 per cent. dividend, which is payable on July 15th, has not infused life or stimulated dealings in the stock. Further particulars with regard to the damage sustained by the property continue to come to hand. According to the statement of one engineer, the damage has been underestimated at one million dollars; it is likely to be a million and one-half. However, Mr. Pearson and his associates say the break is not serious and that it will be remedied by November. The stock is down to 68 as compared with 89 in January last. Sao-Paulo has shown considerable activity during the week, but at the expense of values. The annual statement was a strong one, but the murmurings of disappointment re new stock has apparently caused some selling.

⁂

Trade. Growing.

The bank statement for May reflects improving business conditions in the Dominion. It is true that the deposits show another large increase, and this piling up of money in the banks is generally indicative of dullness in business circles. However, the increase of over $4,144,000 in the trade discounts of Canadian banks during May is a sign of growing confidence among merchants and manufacturers, and an active autumn trade seems likely. During May of last year the discounts of our banks fell off about $1,600,000. The total Canadian discounts at the end of last month were $528,313,000, while domestic deposits aggregated $670,515,000, a difference of $142,202,000 in favor of deposits. A year ago the current discounts in Canada aggregated $537,773,000, while the deposits were $552,080,000, or a difference of only $14,300,000 in favor of deposits. A favorable feature the past month was the increase of $1,326,000 in the note circulation of the banks, the total outstanding circulation being $68,593,000. A year ago the circulation was $67,770,000. Call loans in Canada contracted by $442,000 last month, while our banks increased this class of loans in New York and elsewhere by over $10,000,000.

⁂

Foreign Holdings.

Gold exports from New York to London seem likely to be resumed this week. The disbursements of dividends and interest on American securities are large on July 1, and it is to meet the requirements on the foreign holdings of such issues that the rates of Sterling Exchange have advanced. British investors receive from colonial railways, chiefly Canadian, $38,250,000 annually in dividends, and $135,000,000 from United States railways. One authority states that Canada had received in the year ending June 14, £27,500,000 sterling of British capital for government, municipal, railway and other public issues, which was twice the sum subscribed for either Indian, South Africa or Australia, and larger than that to any other country, British or foreign.

The buying of remittances in New York this week with which to meet the July settlement obligations at London, advanced Sterling Exchange fully one-eighth cent above the level at which gold has frequently been

HON. WM. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-President and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - - $2,500,000
Reserve Fund - - - 2,500,000
Total Assets Over Thirty Million Dollars

TORONTO: 34 YONGE ST.
BRANCHES IN THE CITY OF TORONTO
Cor. Yonge and Gould — Cor. Queen and Spadina
Cor. College and Ossington — West Toronto
GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
100 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

Savings Bank Department at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making changes or opening new accounts.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA
ESTABLISHED 1874.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT
An account may be opened by the deposit of $1—on which interest will be allowed.
TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK
DIVIDEND NOTICE NO. 5
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two and one-half per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared for the half year ending 30th June, 1909, being at the rate of five per cent. per annum, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this city, and at all of its branches, on and after the second day of July next to shareholders of record of the 15th day of June.
By order of the Board.
R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager.
Winnipeg, 27th May, 1909.

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS
Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques
Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn
PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD
Money Orders Issued for Less than Five Cents
Toronto Office 48 Yonge St.
Foreign Money Bought and Sold

$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00
THE METROPOLITAN BANK
No delay in withdrawal
Capital Paid-up - - - - - $1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits - - - - - - $1,277,404.49

LOW-PRICED LIFE INSURANCE
Some people do not yet know that from a Canadian Company—with all its funds invested in Canada and making for the country's development—they may obtain Life Insurance at lower cost than in any other Company. Many do know, and that is the reason of the remarkable growth of
THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
CANADA PERMANENT BUILDING
18 TORONTO STREET
Ask for personal rates, stating age and type of Policy desired.

SEASONED BONDS
Care in the selection of investment securities naturally suggests the advice of those who have personally investigated the integrity and soundness of the bonds they offer, and who, by reason of their experience, have come to possess accurate knowledge.
Information regarding Public Service Bonds issued by Canadian Corporations can be had by applying to
W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.
DEALERS IN BONDS.
222 ST. JAMES STREET, - - - - - MONTREAL

Imperial Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 76.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Eleven Per Cent. (11 per cent.) per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the three months ending 31st July, 1909, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the 2nd day of August next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st July, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., June 16th, 1909.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

G·H·MUMM & CO

EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb fruit Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of G. H. MUMM & Co. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.

BREDIN'S
HOME-MADE
BREAD

The quality goes in before the name goes on."

And it's the quality that is the special charm about Bredin's Home-Made Loaf. There's no bread better liked, or that receives more praise. Why? Because the greatest care is taken in its production. It is baked in Canada's largest bakeshops.

Try a loaf. 5 cents.

Bredin's bakeshops, 160-164 Avenue road. Phone College 761. Bloor and Dundas streets. Phone Parkdale 1585.

Cosgrave's Pale Ale

contains all the tonic properties of hops and the stimulating health building qualities of malt.

Let your next order be COSGRAVE'S

At all bars and dealers

Stella—What bankrupted him? Della—His wife dressed so that people wouldn't think he was becoming bankrupt.—St. Louis Times.

shipped abroad. The comparatively small exports of produce from the United States make it almost a certainty that the yellow metal will be sent to meet the large half-yearly settlements in London. In the case of Canada it is somewhat different at present. Our flotation of new loans in the British metropolis will provide a large credit there, so that it will not be necessary to make direct shipments of gold to London, even if our exports fail to make provision for our July settlements.

***

New Issues.

The Nova Scotia Steel Co. is redeeming its present outstanding bonds at 110 and accrued interest, and it is making a new issue of 5 per cent. fifty-year mortgage bonds for $6,000,000, and is also issuing $1,000,000 of 6 per cent. debenture stock which is to be secured by a second mortgage. The present holders are given the right of taking at par in exchange for their present holdings either the new 5 per cent. first mortgage bonds or the new 6 per cent. debenture stock. It is expected that practically all of the old bondholders will avail themselves of the opportunity of getting the new bonds or debenture stock, as the securities of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company have always held a high place among the investing public. The Company's bonds are largely held in the Maritime Provinces. The present holders are now getting a premium of 10 per cent. on their present holdings.

***

Balance of Trade.

Not since 1897 has the excess of exports over imports of the United States been so small as now, and under these circumstances it is not strange that exchange has risen to abnormally high rates, suggesting the exports of gold. For the five months ending May 31, exports exceeded imports by only $24,000,000, whereas for the corresponding period of the previous year exports were $211,000,000 greater, in 1907, they were $101,000,000, and in 1906, $132,000,000 in excess of imports. In 1897, however, a similar condition existed as at present, the excess of imports for the five months being barely $6,000,000. The summer of that year brought the largest harvest and the largest grain exports on record, in the face of disastrous European famine. The wheat of this year hardly points to such a result. There is left among other possible equalizing influences, the sales of new securities to Europe. This, however, leaves the question open whether it was the wisest policy to bid so high that Europe should lately sell back Americans to us.

***

Cobalt Stocks.

The business on the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange continues fairly active, the dealings being large as compared with the trading in like issues on the Toronto Stock Exchange. The strictures placed upon the members of the Standard Exchange (no interchange of business between members of the different exchanges being allowed) by the Toronto Stock Exchange, are seemingly of little account. The recent dividends declared include 3 per cent., with a bonus of 1 on La Rose, payable July 20; Nipissing, 3 per cent. quarterly, with bonus of 2 per cent., payable the same date; the Buffalo, a quarterly dividend of 5 per cent., payable July 1, with a bonus of 3 per cent., payable in August to equalize the 1 per cent. per month bonus; the Crown Reserve has declared the usual quarterly dividend of 6 per cent., payable July 15, with bonus of 9 per cent., and the Right of Way the regular quarterly dividend of 6 per cent., payable July 15, without the additional bonus, the last one being nine per cent.

Miss Jeanette L. Gilder, the well-known writer and literary critic of New York, says: "New York is rapidly becoming impossible to live in. The very wealthy can live here, because they don't have to stay here, but those who are not wealthy, who have only moderate incomes, find it detestable. If some one should hand me out a large amount of money and tell me to buy a house in New York anywhere that I liked I would not know where to build or buy, with any feeling of security. Perhaps on Fifth avenue above the park, but who shall say how long that will defy what is called, 'the march of progress.' Several years ago a Polish maid that Mme. Modjeska brought to this country described New York as 'an unfinished hell'; her description still holds good."

The Yukon and its tributaries are navigable by steamboats nearly three thousand miles, with as much more additional water channels that are traversed by poling boats. There is not a mining camp in all the great Yukon watershed that is one hundred miles distant from navigable water.

Fisher in Algonquin Park

By MARK ROBINSON
PARK RANGER

THE fisher, Pekan, or Pennant's marten, is among the largest of American marten. The general color is brown or black, varying greatly according to age and season. The fur is darker below than above, which is contrary to rule in other animals. Its average length is from twenty-four to thirty inches, the animal weighing from twelve to twenty pounds. A distinguishing feature of the fisher is its tail which, tapering from a bushy appearance at the body to a pointed end, is from twelve to twenty inches in length.

In general appearance the fisher is stouter and more powerful than most animals of this genus (the exception being the wolverine). The ears are low and broad at the base. Their limbs are powerful, their feet being large and covered with thick coat of fur and armed with strong curved claws. The fur is coarser and longer than in other martens, consequently not so valuable. The fisher is a great traveller and rapid in his movements, and is a puzzle to a person who undertakes to follow his trail. Travelling for perhaps a mile on the ground, he will suddenly take to the trees, passing from one to another for a considerable distance, then coming to the ground again. If there is snow of sufficient depth he may burrow underneath for several feet to suddenly appear beside an old log or tree which perhaps he may again climb.

Fishers are very active climbers, and are credited with being able to capture most of the smaller animals such as squirrels and pine marten, etc., on the trees. They are very destructive to fawns, young beaver, muskrats, rabbits, partridge, and birds and their nests. They appear to have a special liking for porcupines. These they kill with ease during the winter months by routing porky from his den or capturing him when out feeding. When overtaken, porky curls himself up, quills all set, in his usual mode of defence. The fisher simply burrows into the snow, seizing porky from underneath. All is over in a couple of minutes except the feast.

Many are at a loss to understand how the fisher escapes the effects of porcupine quills. A close examination of the pelt of an old fisher during the skinning process will show that he is possessed of a second skin, through which the quills will not penetrate, their points breaking off and doing the fisher no harm.

Passing a small lake one day last December, I saw an unusually large porcupine travelling across the ice at a greater speed than I believed it possible for one of these animals to travel. Being curious to learn the cause, I started to investigate, and found the track of an ordinary-sized fisher in pursuit. Seeing me, he had evidently departed in haste. I followed the footprints and found he had driven porky out of his rocky den after what appeared (from the footprints) to have been a very exciting time.

The fisher is very fond of fish, and is said to catch a few suckers in the spring in much the same manner as the bear. Yet he is not a water animal, as his name implies. The many bushmen and trappers with whom I have discussed the habits of the fisher all declare he is a land animal in every respect, and that he got his name from his cunning and ability to plunder the trappers' trap pens when baited with fish. He is said to be second only to his cousin, the wolverine, in destruction on a trapper's line of traps, and is very keen-scented, which enables him to find the many feeding places of the otter, where he goes occasionally to pick up any scraps of fish that should chance to be left on the ice or shore.

Should wolves kill a deer within a mile or two of the section fishers frequent, Mr. Fisher will be there to dispute with the foxes over the spoil left by the wolves. There is no danger of any species of the smaller kinds of game becoming overcrowded in sections where the fisher is plentiful.

I have noticed on several occasions blue jays scolding furiously. On investigation I found nothing but fresh tracks of a fisher to show for their noise. Evidently they have a just quarrel with him.

I am under the impression that the fisher prefers hunting at night. However, all I have to show for this theory on my part is the amount of fresh tracks a person will see in the early morning where none were to be seen the day previous at evening. I have found that the fisher prefers dry, swampy, heavily-timbered land, with occasional hardwood ridges running through it. In sections of this kind in the Park they are very plentiful.

THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDING IN TORONTO.

THIS immense structure, the extraordinary proportions of which must be seen to be appreciated, is one of the sights of Toronto. Taking a Dupont street car and alighting at Spadina road, one has but to walk up the hill and encounter what looks at first glance like an enormous castle—the home of some prince or mighty potentate. At the front stands a lodge. Behind are fine conservatories, and stretching farther back is an immense building bristling with towers, large and small, and containing brick enough to build a large-sized village. At the rear of the main edifice are two excellent houses—servants' quarters. But as the visitor examines the enormous pile he becomes puzzled. The main doors do not suggest the entrance to a residence—yet what else can the place be? He inquires and discovers that the building is not a residence but a *stable*—Col. Sir Henry M. Pellatt's stable—and that the house itself is yet to be built. If the proposed new residence of this prominent financier and horse-lover, when it is erected, is on a scale of grandeur and magnitude proportionate to these stables, it will be a wonder; for the stable building itself is the most remarkable structure of its kind in the country.

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi János

MINERAL WATER

Nature's own way of cleansing the body is most simple. She provides a pure and wholesome Mineral Water as a laxative and health tonic. Keep yourself in healthy condition by drinking half a glass on arising in the morning.

MANUFACTURERS OF ARTISTIC

GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES

THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO. LIMITED TORONTO

You are invited to call and inspect our goods For comparison on prices.

The HOME BANK of Canada

SIX OFFICES IN TORONTO

COMMUNITY ACCOUNTS

Accounts handled for Churches, Lodges, Societies, and Athletic and other organizations. Every assistance accorded the treasurers who have such funds in charge. Full compound interest paid on credit balances.

A GIFT FOR THE BRIDE

CARVERS We are showing a very extensive line of carvers, in cases, which make very suitable Wedding Gifts.

Aikenhead's

Aikenhead Hardware Limited
17-19-21 Temperance Street
Toronto

FREE TRIAL OF Electric Flat Irons

To Our Customers for 30 Days

CAN BE ATTACHED TO ANY LAMP SOCKET

On Exhibition at Our Display Rooms, 12 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Phone M. 3975.

TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LIMITED

OUR GUARANTEED HERCULES BED SPRINGS

They never stretch out of shape and never lose their springiness. For solid comfort, luxurious sleep, you will find no other bed so lastingly satisfactory. The patent interlacing steel wires gives the wonderful strength and resilience to this bed. This spring combined with our celebrated GOLD MEDAL FELT MATTRESS, makes an ideal combination—fit for a King and at a moderate price.

Thirty days' free trial. Ask your dealer or write us if your dealer does not keep them.

THE GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO., Limited
Toronto Montreal Winnipeg

RUINART CHAMPAGNE

This famous wine is becoming recognized in Canada as superior to all others.

The word "Ruinart" on a bottle is the surest possible guarantee of champagne quality.

For saving Time, Labour, and Money.

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCES

Make Coffee equal to that prepared direct from Coffee Beans.

A secret worth knowing.

IT IS so refreshing on a hot dusty day to use CALVERT'S Carbolic Toilet Soap.

It quickly removes dust and perspiration, and leaves a pleasant feeling of perfect cleanliness. Pure in quality—as your skin requires—and a protection against contagious diseases, being prepared with 10% pure Carbolic.

10 CENTS at your druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp. F. C. Calvert & Co., 360 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

Nanton Court

Nanton Cresent, Rosedale

The most complete and best finished 4, 5 and 6-room housekeeping apartments in Toronto. Suites from $30.00 to $60.00. For particulars apply to Janitor on the premises.

Phone Nanton Court, North 1790.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

"I tell you, Bess, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use "2 in 1."

It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning."

At all Dealers 10c. and 25c. tins

JAS. J. O'HEARN & SON DECORATORS 249 Queen Street West

Let us give you an estimate on redecorating your home. This is our specialty.

Office Phone Main 2677
Residence Phone College 405, 8 D'Arcy St.

Strand 10 FOR 15 CENTS Turkish Cigarettes

THE MASTER'S CHOICE
DOMINION TOBACCO COMPANY, MONTREAL

FEARMAN'S HAMILTON Star Brand BACON Is the Best Bacon

LONDON LETTER

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

London, June 9, 1909.

THESE be busy times. Here we have the great Horse Show at Olympia, the Church Pageant at Fulham, visits from foreign royalties, Japanese and Swedish, besides all the entertaining that goes on during the season; and, overshadowing everything else, the great Imperial Press conference.

The latter is filling columns in the newspapers, and even the most indifferent to public affairs has to feel some interest in such an event as this meeting of the prominent editors and publishers of the whole British Empire to discuss matters which affect The Family. There is a great amount of entertaining being done for the visitors by eminent people from the Prince and Princess of Wales down, but some of the newspapers strike the right note when they warn the hosts that this great gathering has not been brought from the ends of the earth merely to test English hospitality and enjoy the best English cooking. It means far more than "a good time," though this warm, cordial hospitality counts for much. It means another strong link in the chain that holds the various parts of the Empire together, a link which is the result of mutual interest and sympathy.

Lord Roseberry's speech made a tremendous impression, not only upon his hearers, but upon all who read the printed report. He well deserves that name of the "Empire's Orator." Could anything have been more likely to strike the right note than the words "Welcome Home" addressed to the "whelps of the lion," from the far-off oversea dominions that still look to the dear Old Country as Home, and the cradle of the entire British race?

MRS. CLAUDE WATNEY
A well-known London Society woman, an enthusiastic motorist, and the possessor of the finest collection of pearls in England. One string is valued at £40,000.

* * *

THE visitors to England for the first time will find themselves correcting many false impressions about the English people. For some reason the English are fond of scolding and underestimating themselves, gathering information from the press alone, the colonials have implanted in their minds views about English men and women widely different from the actual facts. There is still a theory that the English are cold and brusque and prejudiced, but perhaps the visiting newspaper men will be able to re-form the opinions of their public when they return. It would take a prejudiced person to deny that the average English man or woman is kind, sincere and polite. In fact the courtesy of all classes here is a constant rebuke to the people of the younger nations. Naturally there are some disagreeable English people, but, after all, no nation can claim a monopoly of either pleasant or unpleasant persons.

* * *

TAKING seaside lodgings in England is an education and a joy. We have nothing in Canada like it. (Heaven send that in saying so I am not failing in patriotism!) With us it is a simple matter of finding out the terms at a boarding house or hotel and the rest is on the knees of the gods. Here it is no such unimportant matter. First you decide if you want a boarding- house, a hotel, "board-residence," which may mean a boarding-house, or rooms with a payment of so much per day and extras; or if you want "furnished apartments with attendance." If you are in search of local color and wish to be as English as possible you choose the latter. Then you interview landladies.

At the first house on the list the landlady, who is plainly an old housekeeper in some great house, who started in the business on her sayings, smiles at you respectfully while she explains that her rooms, which are four guineas a week, are occupied now by Lady Fitz-Maurece's children and their nurses and governess, but she may hear from the lady at the end of the week. You smile also, as warmly as possible and intimate that you want a roof over your head now, then you try the next, who brings out her visitors' book to prove that her rooms, her cooking and her attendance are the very essence of perfection. As you decline to see that her description of a sea-view is accurate, when you have to hang out of the window to get a glimpse of the water, you pass on. You fall in love at last with rooms on the sea-front and then negotiations begin.

"What does the two guineas a week for the two rooms include?" you enquire.

"Everything," says the landlady.

If you are inexperienced you accept this and sleep soundly o' nights till the first week's bill comes. If you are an adept you say judicially:

"I see, and what about fire if it's raw?"

"Oh, it's always sixpence a scuttle for coals."

"And baths, Mrs. Jones?"

"A hot water bath is sixpence, Miss, and a cold bath thrippence, though most people do charge sixpence."

"Oh, I see, and I suppose boots are included?"

"Well, Miss, we generally charge a penny a pair for boots but perhaps if you thought of keeping the rooms some time we might make terms."

"Quite so," you say in your best English, "and lights, Mrs. Jones, we haven't mentioned lights."

"Well, Miss, the sitting rooms is one-and-six a week, being for gas, and, of course, ladies provide their own bed-room candles."

You open your mouth to say that many ladies don't but your good angel shuts it again, because why pain good, matter-of-fact Mrs. Jones.

Once settled in good lodgings you are wrapped around and tucked in with comfort and attention. The maid greets you with a becoming smile; your meals are served at the tick of the clock; your newspaper is on the breakfast table. Jane or Mary, whichever it is, enters sympathetically with your arrangements for meals, which in lodging you buy by yourself it you wish, or else tell the landlady to buy for you, and she keeps an account.

Af this season of the year you are certain of one thing for a "sweet." If you say to Mary:

"What can you suggest for a sweet, Mary?" She ponders and then says:

"Stewed gooseberries and a custard would be tasty, m'm, wouldn't it?"

And as an alternative we have gooseberry "tart," or even this is very enterprising, cherry-pie. If you want variety there are always milk puddings.

Let me warn you in conclusion that not late dinners costs extra but the extra "coals," so pray content yourself with a cut from the joint and head and cheese, and a sweet at night.

* * *

IN connection with the number of English women going to Canada for the meetings in Toronto of the International Council of Women, one of the ladies' papers had a most sensible and useful article on the little differences between England and Canada, which the visitor for the first time might find pitfalls. The writer, speaking in the highest terms of the ability, charm, and smartness in dress of the Canadians, reminded her readers that personal attention is something not only expensive in Canada, but hard to get at any price. She warned her readers not to ring bells constantly for a maid to perform various offices, and to remember that Canadian ladies generally cleaned their own shoes, did without early cups of tea in bed, and generally managed without much waiting on. All this seems odd to English women in a country where service is cheap and excellent. For a lady to clean her own shoes is unheard of. The writer of the article hastened to explain, however, that Canadians generally used a dressing in a bottle, which does not seem so dreadful as a brush and a box of blacking. She told the would-be travellers that the established custom of leaving boots at the door to be cleaned was not understood in Canada, and some of us have heard of the host creeping down late at night to polish the boots, himself, which have been left innocently outside the guest's door.

M. E. MACL. M.

Canada and the Queen Victoria Memorial.

THE Canadian Gazette, of London, says:

Canada has good reason to be proud of her share in the Queen Victoria Memorial in front of Buckingham Palace, from which the boarding has just been removed. The statue of the late Queen has yet to be placed in position, and Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., the sculptor, will take another eighteen months to complete the marble masonry, but the lower portion of the memorial has been opened to the public, embracing the marble fountain and basins, retaining walls, bronze and marble sculptured reliefs, granite paving, steps and plateau. An idea of the size of the actual memorial may be gathered from the fact that in this portion alone 1,000 tons of marble and 800 tons of granite have been used. With the other Oversea Dominions Canada contributed handsomely to the memorial. Her donation is embodied in the beautiful gates through which entrance is made to St. James's Park and the Memorial from the adjoining Green Park. These gates are a source of much admiration and pride on the part of Londoners, and the Dominion is worthily represented. The gates were made by the Bromsgrove Guild, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, English labor being exclusively utilized. On the centre gates the complete arms of Canada are designed. On the gates on either side the arms of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are represented, while on the pedestrian gates appear those of Manitoba and Prince Edward Island. Where, by the way, are Alberta and Saskatchewan? The two outer stone piers carry two large symbolical groups, which were designed by Mr. Henry Pegram, A.R.A., and the whole is artistically completed in double fine gold gilding. When finished the Queen Victoria memorial will be one of the sights of England.

MRS. "NICK" LONGWORTH
Wife of Mr. Nicholas Longworth and the eldest daughter of ex-President Roosevelt.

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National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children; chairman, H.R.H. Prince of Wales.
Grand Masonic Festival.
Banquets to the Lord Mayors of London and Dublin.
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was *en fete* last Tuesday night for the Military Ball, at which General and Mrs. Cotton received a large company, standing at the door of the Casino, where a perfect shining floor and capital music tempted almost everyone present to dance. The officers of the Camp, some Toronto officers in plain clothes and a very fetching contingent from Fort Niagara, U.S., with their pretty wives and sweethearts, made up a smarter party than has graced the Casino for man a moon. The Canadian ladies and the beautiful girls whom they chaperoned with an indulgent eye looked their best. Mrs. Cotton wore a black lace gown, with a large corsage boquet of pink roses, and Miss Cotton was very dainty in white over pale blue. Several of the girls who usually grace a Ball in camp-week were absent, abroad, or detained in Toronto by the hospitable duties attendant upon entertaining the delegates to the Council, a great many going up to Lady Edgar's reception at Roache's Point, on Tuesday afternoon, which, of course, made Niagara out of the question. Mrs. Albert Gooderham wore perhaps the handsomest gown at the dance—black net over pearl satin most beautifully embroidered in pearl and opalescent sequins. The Colonel was there in *mufti*, but the graceful daughter of Deancroft and her handsome cousin, Miss Blackstock, were sailing the briny ocean, *en route* to join Mrs. Blackstock abroad. The Misses Nordheimer were also missed from the gay event. Among the pretty girls present were the Misses Sankey, Miss Brouse and Miss Marjorie Brouse, Miss Eleanor McKenzie, Miss Eileen Robertson, Miss Arnoldi, Miss Tate, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Maud Weir, Miss Sarah Lansing, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Prescott. Among the older guests were Mr. and Mrs. Watts Lansing, the latter looking very much *"grande dame"* with her patrician face and silvery coiffure; Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. Macpherson in white Limerick lace, and her husband in his smart uniform, Mrs. Nelson, in black lace over silk, and the Doctor in his uniform. Mrs. Rex Nicholson, dainty and full of fun, was a very popular young matron; the Misses Von Hugel, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Heward, Miss McGill, Miss Gertrude Warren, Miss Allen, were some of the Toronto young ladies who enjoyed the dance. The officers from Fort Niagara were almost all in white, their cool garments evoking envious glances from their officer-hosts, who were often "too warm for utterance." The white suits make a huge laundry bill, but one could even up with fewer long cool drinks. Among the officers was Dr. Frank Luggs, who stole from us a very sweet and handsome bride some months ago; Mrs. Luggs, nee Moon, and her mother were at the dance. Mrs. Case and Mrs. Van Straubenzee looked in for a time, Mrs. Pringle and her handsome daughter, Miss Ina, were among the guests. Mrs. Prescott chaperoned her daughter. They have been guests at the Queen's Royal since Saturday. Mr. Clifford Brown, of Victoria, B.C., was a Toronto visitor and remained for a trip to the Falls and some golf later on. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Strathy, Miss McGaw, Miss Lou Ford, Miss Lake, Mr. Ernest Kortwright, Dr. Burson, Mr. C. Porter, Captain Lindsay, Mr. Chrysler, Mr. Winfield Sifton, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Thompson, Colonel H. Thompson, Colonel Tidswell, Colonel Septimus Denison, Colonel Galloway, Mr. McBrien, Mr. Neales, Mr. Harold Suydam, Mr. Walker Bell, Mr. Stanley Kerr, Mr. Sankey were a few of the men present.

MISS MELVIN-JONES AND HER BRIDAL ATTENDANTS.

Mrs. R. F. Pieper and her son, Mr. Fritz Pieper, who has recently graduated as a civil engineer from Palo Alto, Cal., are in Woodstock, visiting Mrs. Pieper's relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Hay. They will spend a fortnight in Toronto next month after attending the marriage of Miss Jessie Hay in Owen Sound on June 30.

Mrs. Warrington is building a fine apartment house in St. Clair avenue. The plans approach the ideal for such residences and are very attractive indeed.

Mrs. Allen Cassels is going to Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn will go to Birch Point, Muskoka, later on.

Mrs. Frederick Law gave a small tea on Monday afternoon for her southern friends, Captain and Mrs. Rumbold, of Virginia, who are visiting her at her home in Sherbourne street. Mrs. Law received in the drawing room, in a very smart heliotrope gown, Mrs. Rumbold was in black over cowslip silk, her southern tint and bright eyes suiting it exactly. Commander Law and three sons were most attentive cavaliers, and there were any number of men beside, including Mr. Bertie Watson, a nephew of the host. The happy *fiances*, Miss Watson and Mr. Victor Law, received good wishes from their many friends, and pretty Miss Dickson, of Rosedale, engaged to Mr. Cyril Watson, was of the party, with her equally pretty little mother, who, like Mrs. Watson, grows more attractive each year. The teatable, set in the dining-room was done with crimson and white roses and deep red carnations, and among the guests were Lady Falconbridge, Mrs. Lambe, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. De Leigh Wilson, Mr. Charles Fleming, Mr. J. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. and Miss Dickson, Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Miss Florence Crawford, Mrs. Frank Anglin and a number of others.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Pellatt have been rusticating at "Cliffside," Sir Henry's Scarboro residence, and Mrs. Pellatt is giving a tea there this afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

The marriage of Miss Emily de Latre Moss, third daughter of Chief Justice Sir Charles and Lady Moss, and Mr. William Edward Davidson, took place on Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, in St. James Cathedral, Rev. Canon Welch and Rev. Canon Davidson, of Peterboro', officiating. The bride wore a travelling dress of white linen, and white hat with roses, and carried a boquet of roses. Miss Amy Vere Brown was bridesmaid, and Mr. Sydney Larratt Smith was best man. The wedding was quite a quiet one, only the relatives being invited, though a good many friends were in the cathedral to witness the ceremony.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east, when Miss Marie Harmer, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harmer, was married to Mr. Herbert Kendall Patterson, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson of Todmorden. The ceremony was performed by the Rector, the Rev. Canon Cody. The church was artistically decorated, the chancel and altar being banked with palms and daisies, while bunches of daisies tied with large white satin bows decorated the pillars and guest pews. The bride who was given away by her father, wore a gown of heavy silk crepe de chene embroidered in rose petals and trimmed with Irish crochet. The wedding veil was draped over a Juliet cap of lily of the valley and orange blossoms, and a shower boquet of roses and lily of the valley, was carried, the only ornament being a pearl and diamond crescent and a diamond and sapphire ring, the gifts of the groom. The bride was attended by Miss Jule Stuart as maid of honor and three bridesmaids, Miss Evelyne Maw, of Winnipeg, Miss Elsie Peirce, of Philadelphia, and Miss Alexina Pinkerton, all wearing simple lingerie frocks of finest dotted swiss muslin with entre-deux of embroidery. They wore becoming poke bonnets of white mohair trimmed with soft folds of white tulle, old fashioned maize and mauve flowers and streamers of maize ribbon and carried hat baskets of daisies with posies of mauve sweet peas intermingled, their only ornament being the groom's gift, baroque pearl daisy pins with peridot centres. The best man was Mr. Charles Ellis and the ushers were Mr. Mac. Halgraft, Mr. Herbert Wickens, Mr. Vernon Edwards and Mr. William Baily, to whom the groom gave baroque pearl daisy tie pins. Mr. Palmer presided at the organ and during the signing of the register Miss Geraldine King, of Peterboro, sang, "Oh Fair, Oh Sweet and Holy." The wedding reception was held in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, which were decorated with palms and daisies. Mrs. Harmer, who received, was gowned in black lace over white satin with handsome black hat and carried lily of the valley. She was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Ernest Johnston, of Ottawa, who wore a dainty lingerie gown and large white hat and carried pink sweet peas.

A buffet dejeuner was served in the ballroom, the table being decorated with palest pink carnations, roses and lilies of the valley, and orchestra playing softly throughout. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson left for a trip down the Saguenay and no their return will spend a couple of weeks in town before leaving for their home in Winnipeg. The bride's travelling suit was of Wedgewood blue Rajah with white hat trimmed with soft ribbon bows to match.

The marriage of Miss Isabel Stuart Clarke, second daughter of Mrs. E. F. Clarke, of Markham street, and Dr. James Wellington Kinnear, of Belleville, took place at three o'clock on Wednesday, in Christ Church (Reformed Episcopal), which was decorated with daisies and palms, Rev. Willard Brewing performing the ceremony. The bride was brought in by her brother, George, and wore a very handsome white satin gown, with panels of Irish lace and a tulle veil and wreath of orange blossoms. The bridal boquet was of orchids and lily of the valley. She was attended by Miss Edna Mortimer as maid of honor, and Miss Rhona Elliott, of Belleville, and her small sister, Evelyn Clark, as bridesmaids. Mr. Charles Clarke, Mr. Vernon Mortimer, Mr. Edwin Thomas and Mr. Herbert Palmer were ushers, and Mr. Norman Turner, of Belleville, was best man. After a reception and dejeuner at the home of the bride's mother, Dr. and Mrs. Kinnear went to New York for their honeymoon, the bride travelling in a pongee suit touched with rose and black and a Tuscan hat wreathed with roses. They will make their home in Belleville.

At the Hunt Club last Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harmer entertained in honor of the marriage of their daughter, Marie.

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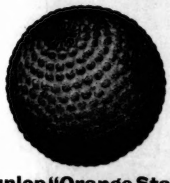

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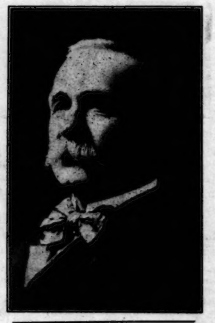
These books are in good condition and will be sold at one-third first cost, $40. The owner has good reasons for selling.
Box 18, Saturday Night.

She—I'm living on brown bread and water to improve my complexion. He—How long can you keep it up? She—Oh, indefinitely, I guess. He—Then let's get married.—Boston Transcript.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A VOLUME entitled "Essays, Literary, Critical and Historical," by Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D., which has just been issued from the presses of William Briggs, publisher, Toronto, ought to be of considerable interest and value to Canadian students of literature. The contents of the work come under these heads: A Study of Tennyson's "Princess"; Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood; The Study and Interpretation of Literature; The Degradation of Scholarship; The Italian Renaissance, and the Popes of Avignon. The book is dedicated to the author's "fellow-countrymen, the French-Canadians and Acadians."

Dr. O'Hagan has been a generous contributor to Canadian letters. He has published in all six works—three in prose and three in verse. Of his poetry his best known and most popular volume is "Songs of the Settlement," which deals chiefly in its themes with country pioneer life. His prose works are: "Studies in Poetry," published in Boston in 1900; "Canadian Essays," a volume dealing chiefly with the progress of Canadian



DR. O'HAGAN
Whose latest volume, "Essays Literary, Critical and Historical," has just been issued.

letters, and brought out by William Briggs, of Toronto, in 1901; and his latest volume, "Essays: Literary, Critical, and Historical," just issued from the press of the Briggs Publishing Co.

* * *

When John D. Rockefeller ventured into the realm of authorship he furnished an excellent fund of material for jokesmiths and paragraphers. The other day The New York Sun remarked: "Wealth, never earned by altruistic and gentle methods, is in these days a defendant." To which Life makes reply: "Yes, it is a defendant, but if you think it is never earned by altruistic and gentle methods, you think what we had sorrowfully come to suppose until we read Uncle John D.'s 'Random Reminiscences.' Get hold of that consoling work at once and learn your mistake."

* * *

An English journalist recently visited J. M. Barrie, and it would appear from the following quotation from his published interview that the celebrated novelist and dramatist is as faithful as ever to "My Lady Nicotine":

"I spent exactly sixty-five minutes with the great dramatist. When I entered he was smoking a calabash pipe of generous proportions. He smoked it out in a purposeful way and laid it on the mantelpiece to cool. Then he felt in his right coat pocket and produced a handsome briar. This he loaded and lit. When it was done he laid it on the shelf and took out a second briar from another pocket. He smoked it out, and then assuring himself that the calabash was cool again, went back to it. He smoked three and a half pipes within the hour and finished up with a cigarette."

* * *

Many young authors seek to have authors of standing write introductions to their books, hoping that such an endorsation will help to make them successful. They should heed the advice once given by Rudyard Kipling to an ambitious young writer who asked him to pen a preface to his maiden effort in literature. Mr Kipling wrote: "Some rather interesting experiences have taught me that the best way of making a man hate me for life is to meddle in any way with his work. . . . If the book is good, it will go, and if not, nothing will make it stir. . . . All the men who want to stick a knife into me would stick it into you as soon as they saw my name prefacing your book. Bitter experience has taught me that that kind of thing doesn't pay."

* * *

A writer in The New York Herald points out that the near neighborhood of the sublime and the ridiculous was never better exemplified than in two closely parallel pasages, one from a prose poet, the other from a professional humorist. Francis Thompson, in his "Essay on Shelley," waxes perfervid, as follows:

"The universe is his (Shelley's) box of toys. He dabbles his finger in the dayfall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of Heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies."

Now compare this fine frenzy with the "highfalutin" of the "Child of Calamity" in Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi":

"When I'm playful I use the meridians of longitude and parallels of latitude for a seine and drag the Atlantic Ocean for whales. I scratch my head with the lightning, and purr myself to sleep with the thunder! When I'm cold I bile the Gulf of Mexico and bathe in it; when I'm hot I fan myself with an equinoctial storm; when I'm thirsty I reach up and suck a cloud dry like a sponge; when I range the earth hungry, famine follows in my tracks. . . . I put my hand on the sun's face and make it night in the earth; I bite a piece out of the moon and hurry the seasons; I shake myself and crumble the mountains! Contemplate me through leather—don't use the naked eye!"

* * *

When book auctions were first introduced into England they met with many opponents. John Evelyn speaks thus of such an auction: "I may call it a diminution which in a day or two has scattered what has been gathering many years." The first English sale was of the books of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, held October, 1676, by William Cooper, a bookseller, who had his shop at the Pelican, in Little Britain. Much interesting information about these early sales is to be found in Mr. John Lawler's 'Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century.'"

* * *

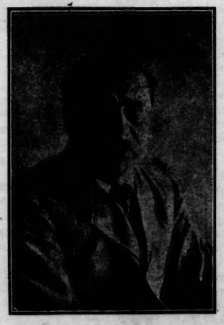
A. C. McClung & Co., publishers, have been sued for libel to the amount of $10,000 by a New York theatrical manager familiarly known as "Bill Lytell." This person claims that the story entitled "Bill Bluetell," by George H. Brennan, recently issued by the McClung firm, is based on his career and holds him up to ridicule. The publishers say that prior to Mr. Lytell's claim for damages they never even heard of him.

* * *

The Williamson sisters, whose latest novel, "Set in Silver," was recently reviewed in this department, are very fond of the Riviera. They go there every year in the early autumn, when gardens in England are beginning to fade. And in May or a little later they return to their charming old-fashioned garden in Surrey. There they live in a queer old house, as old as the days of Queen Elizabeth. It has a secret room in it, and the quaint antique furniture is said to represent the "finds" of a year's travel in England.

The Carlyle Love-Letters.

Just as the love-letters of the Brownings form one of the greatest of the world's love stories, and raise one's opinion of the possible nobleness of human nature, so the letters between Carlyle and Jane Welsh (says William Lyon Phelps, in the June Forum) would be intensely interesting had neither writer attained other fame. It is like a novel or a great drama: the man loved the woman from the first moment, and after a siege of five years captured her. At



H. G. WELLS
The famous English novelist, whose writings on aerial and sociological questions have started many discussions of late.

the last it was an unconditional surrender; but a spectator who did not know the end would never believe in a victorious outcome. Few better opportunities have ever been given the world to study the intricate workings of a woman's heart. The man in this particular element is the constant, the known quantity: there was not a day in these five years, even when union seemed farther away than a star, that he did not love her; and with the boldness, not of professional art, but of naked sincerity, he told her so again and again. But the woman—she passed through every conceivable phase in her mental and emotional attitude toward her correspondent. To his intense mortification, she addressed him first as Mr. *Carstisle;* and when remonstrated with, did it a second time. Indifference can go no farther than that. Then she gradually became aware of his extraordinary mental power, and responded to it with unwilling admiration. Naturally enough, she found his letters intellectually stimulating, as who would not? And being at this time eaten up with ambition herself, she felt that he could aid her immensely toward realizing her vain dreams of literary fame. So while opening her mind to his influence, she kept the door of her heart firmly closed. Soon she began to see that mentally he was enormously her superior; she saw this with a mortification that changed into a tremendous respect; for it is the simple truth to say that even in the days of his greatest fame no one believed in Carlyle's genius more implicitly than did Jane Welsh in the dark hours of his utter obscurity. Whatever she was, she was no fool: she saw clearly that the obscure peasant's son who made love to her was one of the elect of all the earth. Then she discovered, that while she wanted fame only, he wanted to be worthy of it; and it dawned upon her that the distance that separated them morally was greater than the distance between their minds. So the base of her fancied social superiority, from which she had somewhat contemptuously regarded her clumsy admirer, began to shift: from looking down, she found herself looking up; and for the rest of her life, whenever she looked at Carlyle, she looked in no other direction than that.

The Sisterhood.

I 'VE knocked about the Sivin Seas,
I've thraveled long and thraveled light,
From Cardiff down to Carib keys,
From Shanghai round to Benin Bight.

From Rotterdam to 'Frisco Bay,
From Britsol clear to Singapore,
I've swung and sung and had me way
Wid wimmen that I'll see no more.

In fjord, atoll and harbor town,
Far North, and far beyont the Line,
I've had thim, black and white and brown—
And shpakin' iv'ry tongue but mine!

Aye, kissin' back wid furrin words
I'd niver know the meanin' of,
And cooin' soft loike shleepy birds
Wid lips so tired and full av love!

But, white or black or brown, I knew
Not wanst their hathen tongue or name:
Yet in the end I've found it's thrue
Most iv'ry woman weeps the same!

—Arthur Stringer, in July Smart Set.

Strange Story of a Missouri House.

A FEW miles south of the Missouri River at the point where it begins the great curve around Saline county and not far from the little village of Malta Bend and Grand Pass stands a remarkable old house. It is weatherbeaten and low, with dormer windows pushing out of its gently sloping roofs. It stands on the "Petitessauts" plains (named by early French settlers), a region through which passed the first explorers and traders bound for the Far West.

In 1830, William H. Lewis, a Virginia planter, with his family and a number of negro slaves emigrated to Saline county. A year or two later he erected the house, constructing it of hewn logs from the nearby woods. At first, it was merely a large log structure with four rooms, but later, when machine-sawed lumber was to be obtained, it was "weatherboarded," and other rooms were added.

In those days it was the "quality" house in its part of the country, and many were the neighbors and strangers who enjoyed the hospitality of its kind owner and his family.

During the civil war the occupant of the house for some reason did not take part in the great struggle. Consequently he was much harassed by "bushwhackers" and by straggling bands from either side. In order to insure his safety he dug a passage from the cellar under the house to an old hollow tree some thirty feet away. When sought for by enemies he betook himself to this clever hiding place. The entrance to the passage was so constructed that when closed by a rock, it was not easily discovered. From the house access to the cellar was obtained by a flight of steps leading down from the hall closet.

A few years ago some traces of the passage and the dilapidated remains of the steps might still be seen, but late owners of the place, with no taste for the romantic, have filled up the cellar and obliterated nearly all signs of the refuge.

To the students of literature and lovers of the great, the old house possesses another interest. The pioneer of American literature, Washington Irving, when on his tour West in 1832, stayed over night within its walls. If the house could talk it could, no doubt, give us an interesting description of the gentlemanly author and of the French Count and Gov. Ellsworth, of Connecticut, and others of the band which accompanied them.—Kansas City Star.

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Amiable Onlooker (to angry motorist trying to crank an obstinate engine)—"Trying to start the car, sir?"

Angry Motorist—"No. Can't you see I'm just trying to bore a hole in a gallon of water?"—Buffalo Motorist.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

RESTFUL and cool and green was Niagara-on-the-Lake last Saturday, when the laden Cayuga dumped a modicum of her passengers at the wharf at four o'clock, bound for the garden party which General and Mrs. Cotton were giving at Headquarters Camp. The hot wave had not yet struck the reposeful little town by the lake, and recent rains had brightened up every luxuriant tree and bank of swelling green, while the consequent coolness in the breeze that swept over the scene was as unusual at this season as it was welcome. The "trek" made by the *hoi polloi* for the picnic grounds and the more leisurely stroll of the tea-goers to the General's headquarters, waked up the quiet highways and byways, and caused a few Niagraites to poke enquiring heads from doors or windows as the visitors passed by. A week of soldier-occupancy had rather dulled the edge of interest in visitors, however, and the touch of military life was seen on all sides, soldiers were chatting with pretty maidens, lolling on the roadside, trotting importantly on orderly duty, escorting visiting wives and infants, who were very proud of Pa in khaki, loitering along unattached, whistling, "I wish I had a Sweetheart," or boldly sailing in to coax one to a promenade. Motors full of pretty women and men in gorgeous togs flashed up the hill, under the avenue of big trees and out for the historic common, where the camp was located. Noisy buggies, packed with guests, no one objecting to be "sat upon" in a good cause, rattled along in the dust, all the varied assortment of Niagara conveyances from the famous "bridal carriage" with its white "gees" to a grimy old shandrydan of a stage bore more people to see the camp, and take tea with the General and his charming wife and daughter. This overworked adjective exactly expresses the influence Mrs. Cotton is wielding so graciously on this her first season at Niagara. Apart from her always pleasant and sincere manner, she has a great love for the service and camp life, which has evoked a response as hearty as it is unusual in all those connected with the camp. There was quite a regiment of good-looking chaps in uniform as smart as could be at the tea, and for once men outnumbered women at the annual festivity. General and Mrs. Cotton received at the gate of the lawn, and a tent was set with a bounteous buffet and small tables under the trees accommodated the visitors. Orderlies in khaki flitted to and fro with trays, and every lady had at least ten chances to accept tea or strawberries and ice cream before she was escorted out to visit the stores, bakers' and butchers' shops, and the field ovens, which were a new and interesting sight to most of the fair sex. Mere man proved himself an adaptable, resourceful and clever creature in matters of cuisine, and was duly admired and encouraged. Later in the afternoon a demonstration was given of the intercommunication by means of signal possible in camp. Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, sent a question on the rounds enquiring "What are Thermos bottles filled with?" which, in view of the "dry" state of the canteen this year, provoked many "spirit"-ed responses from the signal corps. The music at the tea was provided by a junior band belonging to the Army Service Corps and paternally dubbed the "Babies," who played very well some catching dances and pretty airs. Everyone was loth to say goodbye when the sun began to sink behind the huge elms, which are the glory of headquarters. Some of the guests at the tea were Colonel Williams, Colonel Septimus Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, Miss Mason, Major and Mrs. Cooper Mason, Colonel and Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Major and Miss Denison, Colonel Tidswell of Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Thompson of Cayuga, Colonel Galloway, Major Shanly, Major Burnham, Major Elmsley, Captain Van Straubenzee, Major J. F. Macdonald, Captain Barry, Captain Lindsay, Captain Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Walker Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Eaton, Mrs. Wilson (nee Ferguson, of Niagara Falls), the Misses Merritt, Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Fotheringham, Mr. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Miss Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Dr. Burson, Dr. Cotton, Dr. O'Reilly, Rev. Baynes Reid, Major and Mrs. Walter Brown, Miss Aileen Robertson, Miss Vivien Boulton, Mrs. and the Misses Sankey, Mr. and Miss Hazel Fitzgerald, Major and Mrs. Cowan, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. Mabie, Mr. Chrysler, Dr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Miss Evelyn Mackenzie, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, the Misses Von Hugel, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Miss Anna Lake.

MRS. HWFA WILLIAMS
One of the Leaders of the Racing Set in England, having often entertained the King at Sandown.

Mrs. A. E. Kemp, of Castle Frank, is giving a reception next Monday at half past four, at her home in Rosedale, in honor of the President, officers and delegates of the National Council of Women.

The beautiful little Chapel of Trinity College, erected by the family of the bride in memory of her aunt, who was also a Millicent Henderson, was decorated with quantities of white flowers last Saturday for the marriage of Miss Millicent Henderson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, of Dovercourt Road, and Mr. Walter Harold Green, grandson of the late Mr. F. Gibbs Ridout, of Toronto. Canon Cayley, Canon Welch and the Provost of Trinity were the officiating clergy. The bride wore a Princess robe of Liberty satin with embossed true-lover knots, and a fichu of very handsome old lace. The veil was fastened with a little crown of orange blossoms, and the boquet was of lily of the valley and bebe ribbon, *en cascade*. Miss Cecil Vansittart was maid of honor, in pale blue marquisette, with white hat with roses and facing of pale blue. Miss Hebden, of Montreal, a cousin, Miss Green, sister of the groom, Miss Beatrice Spragge and Miss M. Clarkson Jones were the bridesmaids, in cream lace, embroidery and muslin gowns, cream hats with pink roses and "brides" of tulle, and carrying boquets of pink sweet peas. Mr. Hugh Hayles was best man, and the ushers were the brothers of the bride, Mr. Percy and Mr. Elmes Henderson, Mr. Howard Ridout and Mr. Laidlaw. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson gave a reception for the bride and groom, and at the dejeuner Canon Welch had the pleasant duty of proposing the health of the bride. The presents were very beautiful, and the fine weather made the occasion as enjoyable as it was interesting. Mr. and Mrs. Green went to the Falls, the bride travelling in a dull blue costume and hat wreathed with hydrangeas. They will make their home in Toronto.

The Quinquennials go by special train to Guelph at two o'clock to-day to visit the O. A. College on the invitation of the Minister of Agriculture.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Hay, of Owen Sound, and Mr. Howard Bovell, of Toronto, takes place in Owen Sound next Wednesday.

The marriage of Miss Dot Kirkpatrick and Mr. Charles Coggill Egbert takes place at Niagara Falls N.Y., next Wednesday at four o'clock. Mrs. Vincent Porter gives her sister and her husband a reception at her home after the ceremony.

The civic reception tendered to the President, Council and delegates of the National Council by the Mayor and Mrs. Oliver was the most successful affair of the kind ever held in Toronto, and our noble municipal pile was brilliant with lights, music and a huge company on Thursday of last week. The reception began about nine o'clock, the Mayor and Mrs. Oliver, the President of the National Council (The Countess of Aberdeen), and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, standing in line on the decorated and palm-embowered dais to welcome the guests. The line of those presented was long and varied as a Kaleidoscope, men and women, Princess and suffragette, Honorable and "plain Miss" succeeding one another rapidly for an hour or so. Then the reception party struck, and were escorted to the Mayor's sanctum for timely refreshment, while the crowd of lesser guests found their way by the grand staircase to the lower floor where were all sorts of nice cool drinks and eats. Many preferred to loiter in the corridor above, to lean over the marble balustrade and study the mass of humanity below, or improve acquaintance with some froken or vrcow or madame or signora, who was entangled in distressful English or sailing glibly along in French or German. Two bands added to the gaity of nations, a brass band on the corridor and an orchestra on the main floor. What they did to the classics, "Dreaming" and "Toreador," by their united efforts in simultaneous sounds I leave to the imagination. But it was a very successful and creditable evening, and everyone was saying that the Mayor was certainly a model host. Lady Aberdeen wore a black satin robe, embroidered in silver and carried a huge presentation boquet of roses. Mrs. Oliver was in a pretty grey gown and carried roses, and her happy greeting was the essense of hospitality. Lady Thompson, in her invariable quiet black gown, was on the dais, the close friendship between her and the President being very well known. An Indian Princess, with short white hair, an imposing presence and a satin gown of keen red with white lace, was one of the "presentees" who attracted much attention. She is a sister of the late Oronyatehka. Hon. Mrs. Franklin, a grand-daughter-in-law of that Sir John Franklin who lost his life in Arctic exploring, was Mrs. Palmer's handsome guest. She wore taupe net over satin, and is a very attractive and magnetic woman. To some of us, who saw the beginning of the National Council at the Chicago World's Fair, sixteen years ago, it was a joy again to meet Mrs. May Wright Sewall, and that joyous exponent of over youthful womanhood, Mrs. Avery. Time has touched Mrs. Sewall, however, gently, but the old rascal seems to have a wholesome awe of Mrs. Avery, and she is still young and ready to laugh over the old days of the Council, when it lacked the poise and purpose it has since developed. Frau Haiuish, the Vienna delegate, now an honored officer, and her fine looking son, the Doctor, were noticeable guests, but most of the foreign guests were that, if only for their pluck, enthusiasm and evident sense of responsibility. It was a great night for the Civic Hall.

Two big colleges "closed" on Monday evening with concerts of unusual merit—St. Margaret's and Westbourne School. Each had a big audience and a capital programme, and some persons found it possible to take them in turn. St. Margaret's had a dainty buffet in their big basement dining room, and it was crowded for an hour after the concert. Westbourne School gave their visitors a delightful supper in the grounds, where numberless big Japanese lanterns shed a soft glow amid the trees and the cool air was most welcome after the hot rooms. Specimens of the students' work was arranged in the class rooms and the artistic efforts of the kindergarten class at St. Margaret's took the cake for effect on the critics. The expression of a certain owl, and the pose of a topheavy hen, being particularly funny.

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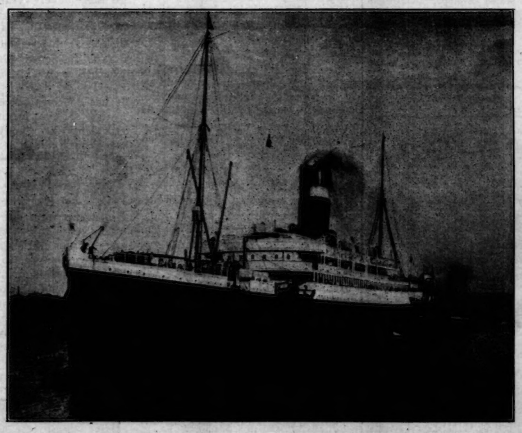

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A CASE IN POINT

By SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES

MR. JEREMIAH McHAGGART, M.P., had, before his election to the Peerage as Baron Boreham, represented in the British House of Commons for fifteen years the Snoozey Division. He was a man of considerable wealth, of appalling respectability, and of kindly disposition. But—and the "but" has as great a significance in this case as in the description of Naaman the Syrian—but he was a bore. He looked like a statesman, having a strong, impressive face and a head of silvery hair. He dressed like a Cabinet Minister, his necktie was arranged in a manner worthy of the best traditions of the Treasury Bench, his voice was an infallible cure for insomnia, and there was something almost fascinating in his trick of removing his glasses from his nose, wagging them at his opponents, and popping them on again, when addressing the House.

And he addressed it on every possible occasion. His questions, always followed up by as many supplementary inquiries as the Speaker would allow, were quite a feature at the beginning of every sitting, and when the Leaders had wound up some great debate, and the crowded House was wildly eager to divide, the member for the Snoozey Division always proposed, amid roars of interruption, to add "a few words," as he inadequately called them. On points of order and questions of precedent and procedure he was immense, and it was in this connection that he had obtained the nickname—"Old Case-in-point." For Mr. McHaggart was almost invariably entrenched between heaps of Hansard volumes, with the contents of which he was fatally familiar. No debate, important or trivial, was complete unless he intervened at some stage, and often at several, tapping an open volume, and remarking with a conciliatory smile, "If the hon. gentleman will allow me, I think I can give him a case in point." The shouts of derisive encouragement, of "Order!" "Oh, oh!" the laughter, cheers, jeers, and cries of "Speak up!" had no terrors for him. He would stalk solemnly from the Chamber, after bowing to the Speaker in a manner worthy of an ambassador at a congress of nations, and would in a few minutes return with more volumes under his arm, and on his return he invariably received an uproarious welcome. In the Session or in the Recess, in the House or at home, he was for ever thumbing these volumes, for he had a set extending over many years in his own library, and after much serious thought he had come to the conclusion that it was not wrong to study them on Sunday.

This continual devotion to this strange form of study began to tell on poor McHaggart's health, and necessarily on his temper. He took to reading the dreary tomes in bed, and even when he slept his mind was troubled by long-forgotten debates and by ancient rulings from the Chair. He grew morose and showed a disposition to snap at those who mocked when he intervened in debate. New members had come to the House who were impatient and unmannerly, and the result was a succession of scenes in which, above a confused din, the Speaker called in vain for order, and Mr. McHaggart roared out one of his eternal cases in point.

The two opposing Leaders in the House made it a rule to drink tea together in the afternoon, whenever what they called the "exigencies of the situation" permitted, and their talk on such occasions would often have surprised their devoted followers in the House, and would have astounded their supporters in the country. One afternoon, when the member for Snoozey had tried to show that a supplementary question he wished to ask, but which had been considered unduly argumentative by the Speaker, was "on all fours" with one which passed muster when Lord Palmerston led the House, and had caused a prolonged disturbance, the Leader of the House met his rival and groaned as he sat down.

"It gets worse and worse," he said. "What *are* we to do with your worthy friend and his everlasting cases in point?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless a poleaxe could be used, and that, I'm afraid, would be out of order."

"They'd call it a breach of privilege, or something of that sort," responded the Leader of the House. "He talked about what was allowed under Lord Palmerston! I wish he had Pam to deal with."

"Yes," said the other. "Pam did not worry himself, or let others worry him, about a case in point."

"I wonder," went on the Leader musingly, "if the erudite McHaggart knows that if the House is of opinion that a member's mind is incurably unsound, it can declare his seat vacant and order a new writ?"

"Can it?" questioned the rival Leader eagerly. "Then let's try it! Really, such a provision looks like a special providence. I'd move it, just to show it was not a party question."

"I'm afraid it won't do," was the gloomy response. "You see, there are four medical men sitting behind me, and you have three in your lot. Party question or no party question, those doctors would go at each others' throats."

"But if we made the seven into a committee," pleaded the Leader of the Opposition, "and told them to thrash the matter out upstairs, surely they—"

"They'd thrash each other out, that would be all," was the uncompromising reply.

So the two right honorable gentlemen, who never talked politics, chatted about music, Alpine climbing, the shortcomings of the Kitchen Committee, and a score of other topics, when suddenly the Leader of the House exclaimed, with unusual animation—

"By the way, there is one way of settling the McHaggart question, and yet I'm afraid it would not do."

"What is it?" inquired his friend.

"Well, you see," continued the Leader of the House, with a certain amount of confusion, and avoiding his rival's eye, "there's the Birthday List coming along, and—and—well, you understand all about it, you've done it yourself. Why should we not make old McHaggart a peer? We shall have to make one or two, and they're not much better."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the Opposition Leader. "Send him up there, and for once I shall be able to say, 'Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords!' and to mean it. And then you'd get all sorts of eulogies for magnanimity and so forth."

"I wonder what that editor of The Snoozey what's-its-name would say, if he heard you?" said the Leader of the House, laughing.

"What would lots of people say, if they heard us on all sorts of occasions?" retorted the other.

And then, as a division bell rang, they separated, entered the House from opposite ends, and marched sternly into different lobbies, under the watchful eyes of the Strangers' Gallery.

And so it turned out, for when the Birthday List came out, the one item in it which attracted general attention was the elevation of Mr. Jeremiah McHaggart to a barony, his new title being Baron Boreham. In the more important papers there was but little criticism, for the Government organs did not care to attack their own friends, and the Opposition papers were equally averse from criticizing a step which conferred an honor on one of their own men. It is true that the more irresponsible evening papers dealt with the matter playfully, congratulating the House of Lords on its latest recruit, and calling attention to the fitness of things illustrated in the choice of "Boreham" as a title.

Before three months were over the new peer began to suspect that he had made a mistake, for the somnolent surroundings of the House of Lords did not suit him. He had been accustomed in the Commons to the fierce delights of having a couple of hundred honest gentlemen roaring, "Oh, oh!" and "Order, order!" at him when he rose, and another two hundred shouting "Hear, hear!" until the glass ceiling of the Chamber shivered. In the Lords the attendance seldom exceeded a dozen, and no noble lord ever interrupted or encouraged him. They did not listen; they did not even look at him. Matters reached a climax one afternoon when he had prepared himself with quite half a dozen precedents or cases in point in connection with some question which he had noticed was down on the paper. The question was asked, and the Prime Minister, who happened to be a peer, replied in a sentence or two, and then Lord Boreham rose, with an open volume of Hansard in his hand. He quoted his precedents one after the other, leading off with something like his old vigor, but becoming more and more subdued in tone, overwhelmed by the deadly stillness of the Chamber. At length he sat down. For a moment no one moved, and then the Prime Minister, rising from his seat scarcely two inches, and raising his hat towards the Lord Chancellor, muttered something, the only word that could be heard being "adjourn." The Lord Chancellor rose and muttered something else, ending with the observation, "The Contents have it"—and then the little group of noble lords picked up their hats and walked away!

Many sessions of Parliament had elapsed before Lord Boreham again looked in at Westminster. He sauntered round the world, gathering material for his great work "Precedents in Parliament"; he compared notes with kindred spirits in Continental and Colonial Assemblies, and under strange skies and across distant seas he added continually to his stock of cases in point. But at length he found himself home in England again, and the last proofs of his *magnum opus* had been corrected and returned to the printer. The old passion seized him, and as all the newspapers had been predicting a brilliant debate in the Commons, Lord Boreham had come down early to the Peers' Gallery, and had secured the seat over the clock. The noble lord looked down on the scene with melancholy emotion. Through his glasses he examined with particular care the bench which he once adorned, and he noted with a sigh that Mr. Grigley, Q.C., was talking as merrily to some new comer as he had chatted in other days to "my dear McHaggart."

The Peers' Gallery was soon crowded, and more than one great ambassador was in the seats reserved for Diplomatic personages. Next to Lord Boreham sat a quaint Oriental plenipotentiary in loose silk robes, a little old man, gazing down at the members through huge round spectacles. There were the buzz and stir and animation so inseparable from a "big night" in the Commons—all of which can be so easily imagined by one who has witnessed a sensational debate, but which cannot be described to one who has not. Lord Boreham was soon interested, next fascinated, and at last almost hypnotized, for, as it happened, the debate resolved itself into a furious contest as to whether the principle of a Bill before the House were based on precedent or involved a new departure.

The noble lord uttered suppressed groans; he grew more and more restless; he leaned forward and glared down at the combatants, inwardly cursing the day when he left the Chamber which now and then provided a "crowded hour of glorious life," for the other which presented no such opportunities. At length, when the Home Secretary—a well-meaning man, as most Home Secretaries are—declared that the Bill under discussion involved not only a new departure, but also a mad leap in the dark, Lord Boreham could control himself no longer. He rose suddenly, and remarking to the peer sitting by him, "I shall be back in two minutes," he pushed his way from the gallery and hurried to the Library of of the House of Lords. In one minute he had clawed down a volume of Hansard, in another he had turned up a certain reference, and then, with his finger inserted to keep the place, he marched back to his seat over the clock.

The Home Secretary was still speaking, and, as is the way with Front Bench right honorable gentlemen, he was still repeating again and again his certainty that this ill-begotten Bill involved a leap in the dark, a plunge into the unknown, where they would grope in vain for even a glimmering ray of precedent, when Lord Boreham could stand it no longer. Leaping to his feet, and leaning his long, lank body half over the front of the gallery, he exclaimed in a clear, excited tone, "One minute! Give me just one minute, and I can furnish a case in point!"

For one second there was an almost appalling silence; every man in the place turned to look at the interrupter, who still leaned forward, with his open volume, which he held in his left hand and tapped nervously with the forefinger of his right hand. Then arose a deafening and confused din—shouts of "Order!" "Oh, oh!" laughter, mocking cheers, and cries of "Withdraw!" The Serjeant-at-Arms put his hand on his sword, the attendants in the gallery rose, but hesitated, not caring to lay hands on a peer, and especially a peer who was entrenched in the very centre of a gallery crowded in all parts. Meantime, Lord Boreham was still wildly appealing for one minute. The Chinese visitor, who had not understood one word of the debate, imagining that this was a legitimate comic interlude, laughed wildly, and this maddened the excited peer, who, turning suddenly on him with the volume upraised, asked savagely, "What are you laughing at, you old ape?" His Excellency Ding-Dong-Do did not understand the words, but the gesture was so eloquent that he hurried from the gallery as fast as his silk petticoats would allow. Meantime, the hub-bub below increased, the Serjeant-at-Arms had come upstairs, the attendants were closing in, and the desperate peer saw that he had no chance of explaining his point. With

(*Concluded on page 20.*)

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!?· POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ·?!

On a Homeseekers' Excursion.

HERE is an incident of the Homeseekers' excursion which left Toronto on June 15, as related by a man on the train:

"We were passing through North Ontario, where in many places the trees are stripped clean of foliage and bark by fire and weather. There was a young married man on the train, who had a great idea of his own importance and knowledge. As we were standing in the vestibule of the car, he noted these quaint, bare trees, and said to a man near him:

"'Say, what do they do with this hemlock bark anyway.'

"The man replied: 'They use it for tan bark. It is shipped in great quantities. Why?'

"'Those Indians must be great climbers,' replied the young man, 'but it beats me how the deuce they can strip the bark off those trees, clean to the top.'

"And then he wondered why everybody laughed."

The Late A. H. St. Germain.

THE easy, quiet and genial personality of the late A. H. St. Germain will not soon be forgotten by those who, in the past fifty years, have chanced to meet him. He was a man who took things easily, and fortune came to him as if by chance. In the sudden expansion of wealth which has taken place in this country, he would not, perhaps, be regarded as a man of great fortune, but he certainly died possessed of a great deal more of the world's goods than the average young business man who, on a stroke of lucks buys an expensive motor-car, and then has to worry over gasolene charges. He was content to live in the simplest way at his comfortable old-fashioned home, hidden among pines in northern Eglinton. He liked to drive about in his old-fashioned top buggy with a low step, a wide seat, an expansive top, and drawn by a horse too fat to trot, on which he was never known to use the whip.

In the society of anybody connected with the newspaper business, he took an absolute delight, and would invite him into the afore-described vehicle and make him talk about the business and the way things were managed nowadays. He was one of those old newspaper men who see nothing in the methods of the present generation to commend. In appearance and habits, the antithesis of a progressive man, he was in reality one of the most advanced men in a business way that this country ever saw. He always claimed, and his claim so far as one knows has never been denied, to have introduced condensed advertising, paid for at so much a word, to this country, and to have laid the foundations of his fortunes, as well as those of others by so doing.

He was also proud of having invented the veneered house—that is to say, the house that looks like brick, but is in reality built with a minimum of brick. He built "terrace" after "terrace" of them in Toronto, but never represented them to be anything else than they were.

"They say I should be hanged for inventing them," he used to say laughingly, "but I give people for a cheap rental, a house which makes them feel that they are somebody."

Didn't Know He Was in Town.

HON. G. P. GRAHAM, Minister of Railways and Canals, never forgets that he was once a newspaper man; indeed, there are times when he would fain be a newspaper man again just to feel what it would be like to have a big "scoop" to hand in to the city editor. One of these occasions developed the other day when he was down in New York in connection with the preparation of the plans for the new Quebec bridge. Here was a case where a Canadian Cabinet Minister went to Gotham to consult with three of the most eminent engineers in the world regarding the construction of the greatest engineering project of its kind in the world. And yet not a single newspaper man in New York "got next" to their presence and not a line concerning their deliberations got into the press until the Minister's return to Ottawa. And "G.P.G.," when telling some of the Ottawa "boys" about it, narrated how he rubbed it in to some American friends in the train so soon as they crossed the Canadian frontier.

"If it had been a case of alienating the affections of somebody's wife, we would have got a three column head," was the way he put it. "But because we went down to consult about a gigantic engineering problem, we didn't even get a personal!"

And then he went on to rub it into the Yankees about the manner in which their newspapers neglected Canada.

"If you come across here you will find every important event in your country covered in any Canadian newspaper you may buy, but over on your side your papers simply ignore Canada altogether. It must feel mean to be so real parochial!"

A Diplomatic Reproof.

ROBERT J. FLEMING, as well as being manager of the Toronto Railway Company, is somewhat of a diplomat. Recently, one of the under officials who had been called to Mr. Fleming's office carried with him an odor of whisky. Now Mr. Fleming is considerable of a "temperance crank," and had the official known that he was going to be called to the office he would not have accepted, just before that time, the invitation of a friend to have a drink.

The interview in Mr. Fleming's private office went off without the manager making any reference to the smell of whisky, but just at its close, Mr. Fleming called the official over to the window and spoke to him something like this:

"There's a man passing on the other side of the street who used to have a good position and was expected to do well. But he took to drinking. I saw him come out of an hotel a little while ago, and—yes, I believe I can smell his breath right up here."

The Troubles of a Hostess.

WHICH is the greater affliction to a hostess—the raw, blundering servant, or the unsophisticated guest?

A Montreal lady who had invited guests for a rather large luncheon, had the misfortune to lose an experienced maid, and was compelled to break in a substitute on very short notice to wait on the party. She coached the new arrival assiduously and hoped for the best. The luncheon had just begun when the hostess called the new girl to her and quietly remarked: "Mary, you've forgotten the bread." Mary went out of the room and returned with a loaf in one hand and a knife extended in the other, calling out: "Who's for bread?"

A Philadelphian, who had to entertain a political boss, impressed upon his wife that their guest was a very important, if not a very cultured man, and the good lady rose to the occasion with an elaborate and tastefully served dinner. Nothing interesting occurred until an entree of chicken croquettes was served. Then the politician carefully tasted the delicacy twice, and his puzzled expression changed to one of satisfaction, as he exclaimed:

"I have it b'gosh, it's hash."

Concerning Long Sermons.

IN his account of the voyage of an East Indianman, in "Newton Forster," Captain Marryatt tells that a clerical passenger, being called upon to ask a blessing at the table, was guilty of too long a prayer.

"At sea," says the sailor-author, "the length of the grace conforms to the canvas carried. With a smooth sea, and stun'sails set, a homily may be endured; under double-reefed topsails an ejaculation is orthodox."

This homely wisdom of the sailor should be a good guide for the preacher. Full services or long sermons may be tolerated during the greater part of the year, which in the dog-days empty the churches.

In the Garrison church at Halifax a clanking of the soldiers' side-arms used to remind the preacher if he had exceeded the regulation eight minutes, and this drastic remedy seldom needed to be applied. Until a similar protection is devised for civilian congregations, the bishops, the assemblies and the conferences should be invoked to set a hot weather limit, for some preachers will not condense except under compulsion.

It was the beloved and lamented Monsignor Connolly, of the Church of St. John the Baptist, at St. John, who noticed an old parishioner stealing a glance at his watch as the text was read out one fine summer morning.

"It's just twenty minutes past eleven, Jerry Callahan, and at a quarter to twelve I'll be through, so you can save yourself the trouble of taking your watch out of your pocket," said his reverence, and proceeded with the sermon.

SIR EDWARD GREY ADDRESSING THE PRESS CONFERENCE.

More Stories from Niagara

Some Further Record of the Humors of the Military Camp Across the Lake.

—By "Gunner."

THE French and Germans, with their plans of fortifications, are not in it in the matter of jealously guarding their secrets.

In the artillery brigade here two of the batteries have the new eighteen pounder guns. Also, there is a general feeling that to let out the plan of raid guns warrants the most vigorous Dreyfusization. Last Sunday, when there were a lot of visitors in camp, the mechanism of each of the guns was covered over with a horse blanket. To get a glance at it one had to produce first-class Canadian credentials, and be a friend of a Colonel or Major in gunnery.

One of the Canadian majors was showing the workings of the gun to a few friends, when along came an officer in United States army uniform. The Canadian officer spied him and waved him away.

"You must not see this gun," said the nervous Major, and he looked daggers at the sentry who had let the alien in.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," said the Yankee, courteously. "Are those the Vickers—Maxim eighteen pounders?"

"Yes," said the other, and he edged the visitor away a little more. "But we cannot show you the gun; you see, it's a secret."

"Oh, thank you, I don't want to see it," replied the United Stateser, as he walked away, "I had charge of a battery of exactly the same guns in New Orleans two years ago."

Which served to remind the Major and others that Vickers Sons and Maxim don't keep their "secrets" on ice for the Canadian Militia. Anybody or any nation can have 'em by paying the price.

MAJOR J. F. MACDONALD, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY, VISITING HIS DETAILS OF SUPPLY

SCENES AT NIAGARA CAMP

LIEUT.-COL. W. B. HALL
CHIEF VETERINARY AT NIAGARA - MISTAKEN FOR A FAMOUS KENTUCKY COLONEL

Canadian Kentucky Colonel.

THE Camp was visited on Monday last by a party of Kentuckians, who took an immense interest in everything in sight. They were approached by a tall slender officer with a great grey moustache.

"Well, if there ain't Colonel Jennings—look Jim, he's coming this way," exclaimed one of the party.

"What—Colonel Jennings who used to make moonshine whiskey, and skipped out? Why, so it is. And now he's in the Canadian army, eh? Let's say 'How d'ye to him."

They walked along and approached within two or three feet of their man, then they decided that he was not their Kentucky Colonel. However, he was a Canadian Colonel—Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Hall, chief veterinary officer of the camp.

So far as appearances go the Colonel admits that there might be some excuse for taking him for one of the Kentucky variety. He doesn't think, however, there ever was any justification for the moonshine arguments. Whatever else he may have done with whiskey in his time—used it to doctor horses and so on—the Colonel swears he never made it.

Minor and Crescendo.

PERSONS of "some class" over here are the bandsmen. For dignity and authority some of these musical gentlemen have even the officers of the Musical Protective Association beaten to a glorious finish.

The other evening a couple of red coats tarried long in the town, and were overtaken by the picquet. It was long past the hour of 10.15, at which time all good soldiers are presumed to be within tents. The lieutenant of the picquet firmly ordered the two stragglers to make their way home.

"Not on your life," said one of them.

"Do you know who I am?" said the lieutenant.

"Nope," was the nonchalant reply, "Who are you?"

"I'm the lieutenant of the picquet."

"Is that all?" said the other, with quite a superior air, "I'm a bandsman of the 39th Regiment."

And it took some argument before they wheeled about and grumblingly started towards the camp.

One of the Big Major J. F.

IN Toronto, Major J. F. Macdonald is best known as secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor. In Niagara Camp he is Senior Ordnance Officer. The Major is just as big on one side of the lake as the other, and that is saying something. He stands over six feet high and is proportionately as big at his waist belt.

The story goes that a week or so before camp opened this year the Major was over to see if things were O.K. at the Ordnance Stores buildings. He thought he would like to have a ride, and called at a local livery stable to get a mount. They trotted out a shaggy little beast whose height was about the Major's second coat button. He gave the equine a glance and queried:

"Is that the best you've got?"

"Yes, sir; he's a good horse."

The Major surveyed the animal again and thought of his own weight.

"Well, I'll be back in a year or two," he said walking out.

"Beg pardon, sir?" gasped the surprised liveryman.

"I'll be back in a couple of years. We'd better let him grow a bit."

Waggon Loads of Wounded.

RED cross waggons dashing madly across Niagara Common and up the main street of the town last Saturday afternoon, set a thousand tongues a-wagging.

"Guess somebody's hurt," said one.

"Must be half a dozen men. Perhaps one of the guns exploded," opined another.

"Poor fellows, sun struck," was still another guess.

Pretty soon, however, the ambulance waggons came back—each laden down to the springs with a very lively bunch of patients, all in summery frocks and pretty dresses. They were bound for General Cotton's reception in the Headquarter's lawn.

"Nice to ride in an ambulance when you're not sick, isn't it?" remarked one fair receptionite.

Clock Did the Trick.

FAMILIARITY breeds contempt. By the second week of camp a good many Tommy Atkinses acquire a comfortable contempt for the boom of the awakening gun. The reveille bugles likewise make no impression and the march of the duty band up the lines is but a post-prandial lullaby.

But the soundest sleeper in camp can be credited to the Artillery Brigade. He is an officer whose life when home doesn't necessitate early rising. There's nothing wrong with his hearing, and his tent is within one hundred yards of the guns, which announce the dawn. But he was always late for breakfast.

This officer was considerably heckled by his comrades about his slumbering propensities, and they contrived one night to get him sleeping beside the firing gun. "Boom," went the eighteen pounder in the morning, right over his head. He didn't turn a hair.

Finally the champion sleeper himself determined to put an end to his lethargic spells. He went up town and purchased an alarm clock—one of those miniature fellows which just "buzz" softly when they go off. He set it for 5 o'clock, half an hour before reveille. Sure enough he was up bright and smiling when the rest of the Camp was stirred up.

Air Ships and War.

WITH every flight of the Zeppelin airship alarming pictures are drawn of Dreadnoughts sunk by bombs from the skies, but Fred T. Jane, the British naval expert, scouts the idea that sinking warships will be one of the chief uses of airships in war time. The power of high explosives, he says, is far too limited. The real danger lies elsewhere.

Experiments made some time ago in Austria (says the London correspondent of The New York Sun) proved conclusively that from a balloon all ships are clearly visible at night. The present main defence of a battleship fleet against night torpedo attack is its invisibility. Aerial scouts will make it very hard not to be seen. Such scouts could easily report by wireless the location of a fleet to destroyers.

Of course the fleet might also have its dirigibles, which would speedily spot the destroyers, but this would be little help since few seriously believe that gunfire will prevent a torpedo attack. The only remedy will lie in a better and more complete net defence than now obtains, that is all round net defence instead of a three-quarter defence, and in plenty of destroyers to meet the hostile boats. The first fruits of aviation are likely to be more destroyers and more torpedo nets.

Jane is sceptical as to the offensive powers of aeroplanes. They may, he says, become the torpedo boats of the dirigibles, but there is not the remotest present prospect of their becoming the battleships of the skies.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, has just completed his fifty-fifth year. He was reared in the simple life of Prince Edward Island, and took a prize at the University of London, where he subsequently was graduated. He was chairman of the Philippine Commission ten years ago.

British warships have talked together by wireless telephone while under full head of steam fifty miles away from each other. Improvements are constantly being achieved in this latest invention.

Life At Centre Island

The Joys of Residence at Toronto's Famous Summer Resort

By Norman Harris

TRE ISLAND, or Island Park, was discovered her by E. A. English or by the Meade family ars ago. At that time the Island was composed nd lagoons, whereas now it consists of lagoons The Durnans ran the lighthouse in those s, and they and the mosquitoes were the only s, as Standard Oil had not then secured a foot- the boardwalk. The mosquito population at was loudly in favor of absorption, but not of on, and the Wards, two miles to the east, could headway against them. The Wards were even agitating for a proper ferry service and they illy won, for now if a boat to Ward's is missed, s barely an hour for the next.

Island is in these days thickly populated with of natives called Islanders, who are quite tract- approached in a kindly spirit. They have their aditions, manners and customs and style of dress. are very loyal to their demesne and to the fog- and being separated from Toronto only by a mile so of water, have by degrees taken up many city ts. One of these is the playing of Bridge. Bridge fine game for those who are compelled by natural uses to remain indoors most of the day; so that when not running for a ferryboat or engaged in shovelling tons of sand off the tulip beds, Bridge is an Islander's favorite recreation.

The main dress of the natives consists of white ducks and a sweater, and as this garb cannot be worn in winter even by those possessing the most rugged constitutions, winter is a most unpopular season over there. It is not an unusual sight to see groups gather in the freezy months at the foot of Bay street and look longingly across at the congealed ferry landings. Early in March some Islanders scamper over to their shacks, and many houses are opened in April. The early ones get the most firewood. May sees the forward movement well advanced, and by June the boarding battalion is on the march and a lot of little Trusts send over and take down their shutters. Towards the end of June myriads of tenderfeet who have resolved to get a full summer's residence there, make the trip, carrying white ducks and sweaters. Many of them return after three days to the City and get their furs out of storage. The majority of people, however, wait till summer comes, which is somewhere between July and August, so far as the Island is concerned.

The tenderfeet do queer stunts in June, and many hardshell Islanders go over early just to watch them. In that month many of the beach benches overlooking the lake are occupied by fair girls in picturesque garb with faces upturned towards a mass of purple storm-soaked clouds, waiting for the sun to appear and give them an early coat of tan. The sun is somewhere off in Asia, but the girls stick there till six p.m., when fond relatives come out heavily swathed in carpets, shawls and sleeping bags, and carry the limp forms indoors, where a pannikin of hot whiskey revives them.

The early June bather is also much relished as a spectacle. This bather dons his perfectly new three-ring suit and lopes out of the house over the sand to the edge of the lake, from which all traces of solid or floating ice have disappeared. This person has gone over to the Island to bathe, and bathe he will unless the police prevent him. He tortures his way over the large pebbles and stands in pitiable isolation by the water. A keen east wind enwraps his shivery person, and he concludes that his doctor has advised against violent exercise, and that he will wait till next morning. But as he turns towards his habitation, he is startled to observe that forty pairs of eager eyes are glued on to him. He is in a desperate predicament. The yell of the foghorn sweeps over the sand like the voice of a mocking demon, while the water makes nasty little passes at his marble feet. Summoning all his resolution, the poor wretch places one paralyzed foot in the drink, falls helpless, gets wet nearly all over, and then totters out and sprints madly for his front door.

He hears a lot of sounds that resemble gleeful laughs from surrounding houses. One window opens, and a man swathed in an eiderdown dressing gown calls out:

"How's the water?"

The victim struggles to answer, but his facial muscles are atrophied. Finally he forces himself to reply, with a sickly attempt at a grin. "F--ff-f---f--ff-in-e," and vanishes indoors.

There are traditional themes of conversation at Centre Island. Of course if you live east of Clandeboye avenue, among the private leaseholders, what you say may be more or less private. But what one says in any room of an Island boarding house is pretty soon public property. The principal theme of conversation is the ferryboats. A whole veranda load of summer boarders will spend a most enjoyable evening discussing the ferry boats. A great many of them seem to think that the authorities should put a real double-ender into service there, the only objection being that Hanlan's Point has one. Hanlan's Point is another Island, separated from Centre by several small lagoons and a social prejudice. Hanlan's is very easy of access from Centre. It can be reached by paddling over a short stretch of water; or, if you have no boat a short walk of some two and a half miles around the coast line will bring you up at Hanlan's.

Besides ferryboats, Islanders discuss the foghorn. The municipal politics of the City of Toronto receive some attention also up till about the middle of July, but after that interest in anything foreign lags, and the talk is all about matters essentially Islandic. Such as: Mrs. White has seven boarders this season, whereas last year she only had five, one of whom did not pay in full; work on the breakwater is proceeding pretty fast this year, is it not? And such like.

It is a great and expensive privilege to live on Centre Island. The natives are not permitted to enter into full and unquestioned ownership of their land—that is, their sand. No fee simple business about it over there. The City makes them whack up some $2 per front foot per year, and saddles taxes on top of that. Gentlemen who wish to go in for improvements buy earth from the City, delivered at so much per pint. It is a misdemeanor to steal your neighbor's canoe on the Island, but he who steals dirt commits an indictable offence, for which banishment to Hanlan's would not be considered too rigorous a punishment.

The average day in the life of an Islander is that of calm mixed with activity. One rises there betimes to catch the 7.35 boat. One either rises betimes, or earlier, or one lives near the ferry; and as no one lives near the ferry, *ipso facto*, one rises betimes. A merry crowd trudges over the sand and the real concrete walks, bound for the 7.35 boat. A few are snoozing on the pier when the palatial ferry limps in. Some ten are within a minute's sprint of the dock, while the great majority are two laps away when she whistles. Then ensues a mad after-breakfast scramble and as the boat swings around for the City, Islanders tumble in over the sides, shoot through windows and try to maintain precarious perches on the boat ropes, till sturdy mates, who are appointed for their athletic build, sling them in to safety They land at Bay Street, and after braving death every morning crossing the railway tracks, they walk briskly to business. They repeat this on the way home. Whenever a boarder fails to turn up at dinner, the other inmates know either that a train has got him, or that he has missed a flying clutch for the side of a moving boat.

On the walk home one is startled now again by a shrill shriek just behind the starboard ear. The stranger starts and jumps, wheels half about, and then dodges as a bicyclist with his head down flies by on the concrete walk. Soon he gets used to these warnings blasts, and, when he hears one, just falls precipitately off the walk. Many tread on the sand all the time. They say they lose too much time getting on and off the walks to let cyclists by, and that besides it is fatiguing.

However, at the end of a strenuous day like this, what can compare with the aftermath: the joyous feeling of lugging off one's shoes and spooning the sand out, of ducking down to dinner with a racehorse appetite which mesdame of the boarding house has discounted beforehand in her rates, and then taking one's rod and hiking off to the lagoon to fish. One young fellow that lives on the Island will go out and think nothing of catching forty-five sun fish of an evening. And there are other Island pleasures, which one must live there to appreciate.

Murphy is No "Easy Mark."

EVERY now and again good stories creep out of the Privy Council Chamber at Ottawa, despite the official rule that everything which transpires behind the sacred portals is a State secret. One of the best of these stories was told by an Ottawan, who came to Toronto the other day, and has reference to Hon. Charles Murphy, the genial and talented Irishman who is now Secretary of State. The Ministers were discussing their plans for the summer, and those who were going to Europe or to the extremities of Canada were suggesting who should act for them during their absence. There seemed to be a general desire among the latter to load their functions upon the Secretary of State, and Sir Richard Cartwright is reported to have said:

"Oh, it's all right. Charlie Murphy will be here all summer!"

Quick as a flash the Secretary of State replied:

"Oh, no, Charlie Murphy will not be here all summer! Charlie Murphy is going out into the country. He's no R. W. Scott!"

The point of which was that in previous years whenever a Minister went away during the recess his duties were performed by Hon. R. W. Scott, then Secretary of State, until that venerable gentleman at times became a veritable Pooh-Bah and combined in his person all the offices of the Cabinet. But Mr. Murphy believes that it is just as much a Cabinet Minister's duty to go out among the people and get into touch with them as it is to sit in an office and become a mere signing machine, so he will start out for the Pacific Coast, looking after public interests, party interests and the interests of his own people.

One on the Policeman.

AMONG the deeply-interested people who crowded about St. Andrew's church, Toronto, on the day of the wedding of Rev. T. Crawford Brown and Miss Melvin-Jones, was a stout, short, good-natured Scotch woman.

The good lady referred to made several attempts to get close enough to the church door to have a good view of what was going on. She tried to get through the crowd at different points, and at last she made a quiet, but determined attempt to scale the church steps. The old lady's purpose might have been achieved had it not been for a policeman who had watched her attempts to get near the narrow space reserved for the bridal procession from the church to the curb. The "Bobby" pushed her back with the rest of the crowd. Plainly she was disgusted, and, with a look of utmost scorn, she at once excused her own action and called down the bluecoat by saying:

"Weel, mon, were ye never wed yersel'?"

Their Gratitude Was Too Ostentatious.

ONE of the branches of the public service at Ottawa which does its work quietly and without any of the glare of the limelight which attaches to the political departments, is that section of the Department of Justice which looks after the exercise of the power of pardon by the Governor-General. It may not be generally known that since Mr. Aylesworth has been Minister of Justice he has insisted upon personally reading over the fyle in every case in which executive clemency is asked, whether it be pardon for a well-behaved or a sick convict or the more serious matter of deciding what action shall be taken in regard to death sentences. All such petitions are, however, first considered by Mr. Augustus Power, who probably has a greater store of stories of the schemes to which convicts or their friends will resort in order to procure a pardon, than any other man in Canada.

It is not a pleasant task—this of deciding the fate of your fellow men and women, but sometimes it has its humorous side. One of these comical incidents took place not long ago. A young emigrant woman with two small children, one of them a baby in arms, arrived in Ottawa by train from Montreal to plead for pardon for her husband, who had fallen foul of the law. She was herself not a walking illustration of the advantages of the daily use of soap and water; but the children were even dirtier than the mother. Doubtless it was not their fault, poor things; they had had a dusty journey on the train and probably were not much used to washing anyway. They were introduced into "Gus" Power's office, and the mother told her story and presented her petition to the official. He went over the fyle and after due consideration decided that it was a case where he could advise the Minister to recommend the exercise of clemency. And he told the woman so. But he was sorry immediately, for with tears of gratitude rolling down her cheeks the mother pushed forward the dirty baby in her arms, saying:

"Kiss the good, kind gentleman, baby!"

They do say that Mr. Power's face was a study, and that there and then he registered a vow never again to inform a petitioner for pardon of his recommendation except at the safe range of through the letter-post, especially when she was accompanied by her family!

A somewhat similar incident took place in the private office of Mr. Aylesworth himself a few months since. This time the petitioner came from Toronto. If not forty, she was both fair and fat, and she came accompanied by her spiritual adviser—a "clergyman" of a rather peculiar sect. Her petition having been heard and the Minister having replied that he would do what he could to persuade the Governor-General to grant a pardon, the woman fell on her knees, and before Mr. Aylesworth could even guess what she intended, began to kiss his boot and was travelling upwards towards his stomach with every demonstration of wild affection. The mild Minister of Justice was non-plussed for the moment. He strove to drag himself away from her embrace, but in vain, until he ordered the "clergyman" to tell her to stop her foolishness, which that worthy did, at the same time adding:

"Don't mind her, sir! It's only her way of showing her gratitude!"

An Admirable Type of Politician.

THERE is probably no man so easily forgotten as the politician, once he is called by death or retires to private life. Sometimes a man's name survives as a great tradition, as in the case of Sir John A. Macdonald or Hon. George Brown, but the average man who has played a prominent place in the councils of his party passes into oblivion so soon as his speeches cease to appear in the newspapers.

Col. George Taylor Denison, a splendid type of geniality and virility, is still in evidence, but who of the younger generation is aware that less than twenty years ago there was another Colonel Denison who played a part equally large in the life of the community. This was Lieut.-Col. Fred. C. Denison, who died in April of 1896, while still member for West Toronto in the House of Commons. To name all the military men of the Denison family would be to go back to the early annals of Upper Canada, and, indeed, to those of New Jersey, for there were Denisons in the days of the American revolution, who fought the fight of British connection.

Col. F. C. Denison was born in 1846, and like his father, the founder of the Governor-General's Body Guards, and his elder brother, the Col. Denison whom everybody knows, was educated at Upper Canada College. Like the latter, he became a lawyer, but it was destined for him to become a soldier. He saw service in company with the others of his family during the Fenian raids of 1866, and in 1870 was orderly officer to the commandant of the Red River expedition, the present Lord Wolseley. He was mentioned in the despatches for his skill in grappling with the difficulties of an expedition through what was then an unmapped wilderness. Pursuing his vocation of law, and never neglecting his soldiering, he saw no more campaigning until 1884, when Lord Wolseley, then in charge of the Egyptian campaign, asked Canada for a corps of Canadian voyageurs who, his experience in Canada told him, were the very men needed as auxiliaries in a campaign on the Nile. By the aid of such a force, it was proposed to reach the Soudan, which after much hesitation the British Government had decided to annex. On Lord Wolseley's suggestion, the command was given to his old companion of the wilds of New Ontario, Lieut.-Col. F. C. Denison. The Marquis of Lansdowne urged the post on the latter, who gave up his law practice and promptly accepted.

ROLLER SKATING ON THE DECK OF A MAN-OF-WAR

PHOTOGRAPHING THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND ON THE KING'S CROWN.

So excellent was his work in Egypt that he was not only mentioned in despatches by his commander-in-chief, but praised in the British House of Commons by the Minister of War in Gladstone's Cabinet, Lord Hartington, afterwards the Duke of Devonshire. In the Soudan, however, he unfortunately contracted enteric fever, and was taken to Cairo, ill. Indeed, the effects of this illness never left him, and were responsible for his early death at the age of fifty. He was a believer in the doctrine that it was the duty of the best men in the community to take a share in the burdens of municipal politics, and in the city council he had long represented old St. Stephen's ward. Unlike his brother, Col. George, who up to 1891, was a Liberal in politics, he was a Conservative, and it was an easy matter to elect him for the constituency of West Toronto. This constituency he continued to hold until his death nine years later.

During the strenous days preceding the defeat of the Conservative party in 1896, he lay upon his death-bed. He is said to have expressed the opinion that defeat would do the Conservative party no harm, as it had been in power too long, and grafting influences were creeping about it. It is also said that he believed that the Liberal party would destroy itself in short order if it got into power, because he regarded the Canadian people as rootedly loyal, and the Liberal leaders as radically disloyal to British connection. That he was not endowed with the gift of prophecy does not detract from the fact that in his day he did much to place his country before the eyes of the world, and was a clean politician who should not so soon have been forgotten.

MR. HUBERT LATHAM AND HIS MONOPLANE ANTOINETTE IV., WITH WHICH HE REMAINED IN THE AIR 1 HOUR AND 7 MINUTES IN FRANCE RECENTLY.

Edison's Concrete House Scheme.

MR. EDISON has just completed his scheme for building a concrete house at a cost of $1,200, which if constructed of stone in the same design would cost between $25,000 and $30,000. He wants it distinctly understood that the price which he names is not practicable where only one house is to be built. His scheme involves the building in blocks of groups of houses in which the same molds are used. A New York correspondent, describing Mr. Edison's plans, says:

The Edison house-building plan calls for a one-family house, on a lot 40 x 60 feet. The floor plan of the house is 25 x 30 feet. Each house will contain six rooms and a bath, and the cellar will extend beneath the entire house and will contain the boiler, washtubs, and coal bunker. The decorations will be cast with the house and, therefore, will come from the molds as part of the structure and not merely be stuck on. Cast-iron molds will be used in building the houses, and they will vary in design. After the concrete foundation has been laid and has hardened, the molds will be set upon it. Edison says it will take four days to set up the molds. The liquid concrete can be poured into them in six hours. The molds will be kept in use for four days until the concrete hardens, and then it will require four days to remove them. That means the house will be finished in a fortnight.

Embellishing a City.

IT ought to make Canadian cities "sit up" to learn that within the next few days the municipality of Paris will probably vote a sum of $160,000,000 for the embellishment of the city. The committee has agreed upon this amount, and the Council is expected to ratify its decision.

The greater part of this sum is to be raised by a loan. Among the items of proposed expenditure are $16,000,000 for new schools, $25,000,000 for water supply and drainage, $5,500,000 for slaughter houses, $1,000,000 for repairs to existing schools, $5,000,000 for municipal buildings, $1,000,000 for the Bois de Boulogne, $3,000,000 for opening up new public squares and children's playgrounds, about $12,000,000 for the upkeep and cleaning of streets, and a sum not yet settled for building new swimming baths.

Finally, something like $90,000,000 will remain for the actual embellishment of the city, that is to say for the opening up and laying out of new streets, avenues and boulevards. This great scheme of city improvement is to extend over forty years.

THE "Oldsmobile Reliability Contest," which took place in Ottawa, on June 12, was won by Mr. E. McNeil, with a 1909 Oldsmobile of the Model "D" type, which is a 4 cylinder 40 h.p. car. His was the only perfect score.

The competition was open to all members of the Ottawa Valley Motor Car Association. The contest covered a full day, and the principal purpose of it was to demonstrate the reliability of all styles of cars, under the most severe conditions. The stipulation was made that the cars be stock cars and equipped as catalogued by the respective manufacturers.

* * *

Francis Miltoun, in his new book, "Italian Highways and Byways From a Motor Car," published by L. C. Page & Co., New York, shows how the automobile has opened up many old and half disused highways. The work is also very useful as a guide-book, containing maps and a comprehensive index.

* * *

A despatch from Pontevedra, Spain, tells of a motor car romance which occurred there one day during the past week. A wealthy Madrid family was spending the summer at Pontevedra, and was about to return shortly to the capital, where the only daughter was to be married to a Castillian noble.

During her stay at Pontevedra, however, she fell in love with a young man of that town and they planned to elope. The parents of the young woman learned of their preparations and determined to prevent it, and for that purpose hastened their departure for Madrid. Three automobiles were on hand one morning for that purpose.

The girl's sweetheart turned these preparations to his own advantage, however. In the garb of a chauffeur he appeared at the house and helped the young woman into one of the machines. Then he jumped on the seat and pulled the lever and the car rapidly sped away. The angry father, on trying to use the remaining automobiles for the purpose of pursuit, found that they had been rendered useless, the motors refusing to work. It is supposed the runaways made for the Portuguese frontier.

* * *

The invention and development of the gasoline automobile has brought about the evolution of a gas engine which differs from the gas engine of the stationary type in as marked degree as the latter differs from the steam engine, says Coker F. Clarkson, of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Though a dozen years ago the stationary gas engine designer would have ridiculed the idea of successfully producing a gas engine weighing less than ten pounds per horse power developed, this and more has now been accomplished.

It is futile to expect that automobile engineers will ever be thoroughly in accord on a subject involving so many opportunities for detail differences as automobile motor design; though, of course, years of experience have resulted in a type of construction followed so closely in such a larger number of instances as to warrant being termed standard practice in this respect.

* * *

Philadelphia always has been noted for the patriotism of its citizens from the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence down to these days, when the Quaker City Motor Club decides not to permit foreign cars to be entered in the annual Fairmount Park road race, even though the imported machines be owned, entered and driven by Americans.

* * *

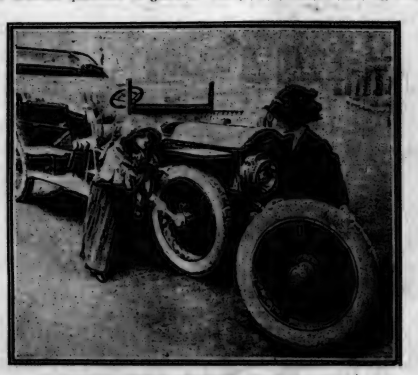
The familiar discussion as to the probable life of the automobile industry, as compared with that of the bicycle, is taken up in a recent number of The Automobile by Charles Clifton, President of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers, of the United States. Mr. Clifton declares that he has made a careful study of the problem, and his conclusion is that the motor-car has come for a long stay. He elucidates as follows certain conditions affecting the two vehicles:

"The only common element of the two industries, aside from each representing a method of locomotion, arises from the fact that the early development of the automobile in a commercial way occurred at a time when the bicycle business, as a large industry turning out a popular product, had commenced to wane. The situation was such that a large amount of capital, energy, producing-and-selling-brains was rendered comparatively idle, and consequently those forces were logically attracted to the automobile business, which had alluring prospects and called apparently for the same essential elements. Thus several of the earlier bicycle makers were pioneers in automobile development, and many mechanics theretofore engaged in the bicycle industry, being skilful in detail, have, in minor capacities aided automobile development in either invention or shop practice. Naturally the automobile attracted to it a selling-force, including bicycle-dealers."

The motor car, he points out, eliminates the disadvantages thus hitherto associated with other forms of locomotion. It has proved itself to be what people need by eliminating these deficiencies. Mr. Clifton finds "only one menace to its supremacy"; that is, "navigation of the air." Should that art be successfully accomplished as to safety and economy, the automobile in time may become old-fashioned, but even then "there will still be numberless people who prefer to be on the ground."

* * *

In a recent lecture, Dr. Watson, an English engineer, gave tabulated results of a number of experiments with different quantities of gasolene and air for use in gas engines. His tests showed that the richest charge that can be used to advantage is that in which the gasoline is equal to one-fourteenth of the air.



MISS ADA REEVE REMEDIES A TIRE TROUBLE.
The well-known musical-comedy favorite, taken "all unawares" on an English road at a moment when, with the assistance of her secretary, she had successfully accomplished the change in a little over 9 sec.

* * *

The French Minister of Public Works is expected shortly to suggest several amendments to the road traffic regulations of that country. Each vehicle, whatever its type, will be required to keep its proper place under penalty. A differentiation between main road traffic and that on side roads will also be made, the latter being required to give way to the other.

* * *

According to a recent computation there are, at least, 40,000 automobiles and motor cycles in France.

* * *

A prominent New York banker is reported to have purchased a runabout body designed solely for transcontinental touring. The front seats are made as comfortable as possible, and are really arm chairs. A commodious locker beneath is provided with a chest of drawers. Directly behind the front seats is a fifty gallon copper gasoline tank, narrow, but wide and high, and when filled weighs 400 pounds. Behind the tank is a locker with room for two suit cases, and back of that a tire compartment which carries four shoes. A large tool box is located on the running board.

PNEUMATIC.

The Disbanded Harem.

THERE must have been something pathetic (says The Argonaut) in the sight of a long line of carriages wending its way slowly from the imperial harem at Constantinople after the deposition of the Sultan. Each carriage contained two or three women wearing the yashmak, which showed their rank, for all but the imperial women in Turkey have discarded the yashmak and wear the simpler "ferejeh" and veil. No one seems to know what will become of these poor waifs. They have been temporarily housed in one of the palaces, but unless the unexpected happens the rest of their lives will be spent in impoverished seclusion. We may hope that their capacity for suffering is not very deep. Even poverty can not deprive them of the joys of gossip, and perhaps the supply of sweetmeats will not be greatly curtailed. And the pleasures that lie beyond gossip and sweetmeats are not very numerous for the harem woman.

There are not many harems in modern Turkey, notwithstanding the current belief that every well-to-do Turk is the owner of such a luxury. To be too much married is just as onerous to the Turk as to the American or the European. Indeed, it is more so, for the Turkish law protects the harem woman to an extent little suspected, and still less practised elsewhere. The ordinary Turk may not have more than four wives, and as a matter of fact he seldom has more than one. He knows that polygamy places him at a disadvantage in his social intercourse with other countries, and then again "woman's rights" are so much of a reality in Turkey that marital obligations are undertaken with economy. The wife is financially independent of her husband. She has her separate estate settled upon her at marriage and of this she cannot be deprived even by divorce. The marriage settlement defines the wife's rights with precision. The husband must support her and her attendants upon a stipulated scale. Her housekeeping money must be paid to her regularly and no inquiry may be made as to its disposition. She inherits equally with her brothers, and under no conditions can her husband touch her property and she may will it or give it exactly as she pleases. Nothing can be more absurd than to seize upon one or two points of harem life where the wife's liberty is restricted and upon the strength of these to proclaim the Turkish woman as a slave or a toy whose lot is immeasurably below that of her Christian sister. As a matter of fact the lot of the Turkish woman from the legal standpoint is immeasurably better than that of her Christian sister, who has far more reason to demand "emancipation" at the hands of the law.

FRESH WATER SEA VOYAGE.

Everybody should know that the finest steamers on the Inland Lakes belong to the Northern Navigation Company, and sail Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from Sarnia Wharf, to Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth, and that the Grand Trunk in contion run special Pullman car and coaches from Toronto at 8 a.m., via Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock and London, to the new terminals at Sarnia Wharf.

The new steamer Hamonic sails Wednesdays; Huronic, Saturdays, and Saronic, Mondays. No transfers or delays.

Call at City Ticket Office of the Grand Trunk, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209, for full information.

EXCURSIONS TO SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, via CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY.

Epworth League "Official Route" excursion, June 30; Bowler Vacation Tour, July 16. Route via Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Colorado Springs, Salt Lake City, and Portland to Seattle. Stop-overs at points of interest. Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition folder, time-table with maps showing route, and complete information regarding fares, routes and train service free on request to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 8 King street east, Toronto.

"Your pulchritude is peerless. You are an astounding aggregation of feminine faultlessness. Be mine!" "Sure," responded the girl. "I never could resist that press agent language."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The only cars we have left at our Toronto Showrooms are demonstrating cars of the '07, '08 and '09 Models.

Ere long, the first of the new 1910 cars will require to be transferred from our factory to our garage—because the factory Superintendent insists that he has no room for a car once its assembling is complete.

Thus, we are brought face to face with the necessity of disposing of what few cars still remain in our garage and showrooms.

That necessity is your opportunity. We have to *buy* the garage space we will shortly require, by disposing of those perfectly good demonstrating cars now occupying that space, *at a sacrifice*.

Those who are discerning enough to realize the chance that present circumstances offer for the purchase of a first-class car at a low price, will do well to investigate the matter immediately.

THE OLDSMOBILE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager — 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

We have proved our contention that a really satisfactory Touring Car can be built and sold at $1,250.

We proved it last year in the Glidden Tour, when the REO won a "perfect score" in a 1,700 mile endurance test.

Other cars have been put on the market at this price—cars that looked satisfactory, and cars that, on smooth roads, in fine weather, managed to "worry through." But, what we mean by a *satisfactory* car is one that has real "get-there-and-back" ability; one that will, under all conditions, give the same kind of service that you expect from a high-priced car. The REO is doing this for every man who owns one.

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"GOLD LABEL"
Scotch Whisky
The brand with a world-known reputation for quality and absolute purity.

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SPORTING COMMENT

CAUGHT BETWEEN BASES

NOW that the lacrosse season is once more in full swing, there is one point which is brought to the attention of the sporting public with pleasant insistence—and that is the old story of rough playing. Newspaper columns are once more filled with stories of brutal assaults on the field and a style of playing that makes a prize-fighter a gentleman in comparison. In fact the game has gone so far, and the men are so careless of the penalties given by the referees, that there is talk of the police taking a hand in the game. Things are certainly in a bad way with Canada's great national game when it is necessary to have a policeman of police to make it tolerable. Of course, everyone knows that lacrosse is not tiddly-winks, and that a player must run his chance of hard knocks now and then. But so long as the knocks are a necessary part of the game, it is all right. The trouble is, however, that the players are not satisfied with the knocks which are incidental to a particularly rough style of playing, but go out of their way to commit aggravated assault on one another when the course of the game does not give them chance enough to gratify their brutal instincts. Altogether it is a very unfortunate state of affairs, and the only result of it will be to kill the game for people of any refinement. No game in which such brutal exhibitions are given can long continue to enjoy popular favor. And when all is said and done, the fault lies with the referees. A course of very severe penalties is the only way in which this sort of thing can be checked. If players are put off for a great part of the game as a result of brutal tactics, they will soon learn to curb their tempers or will lose their value to their clubs. At present the penalties meted out are altogether inadequate to the serious nature of the offences against fair play, and little is done to discourage the natural rowdyism of some lacrosse players. Baseball has been made a clean game by strict umpiring, and there is no reason why the same thing should not be done for lacrosse. All that is necessary is to get referees who are both impartial and courageous in carrying out their duty.

* * *

SOME years ago Dr. Morgan of Oxford published full, authentic statistics as to the effect of rowing upon several generations of Oxford oarsmen. His investigation covered the period from 1829 to 1872; and during those forty-three years only five per cent. had suffered any ill effects. In America a similar investigation was made by Dr. Darling, covering Harvard crews from 1890 to 1900. He reported that "no ill effects which could reasonably be attributed to training were discovered nine months after stopping it."

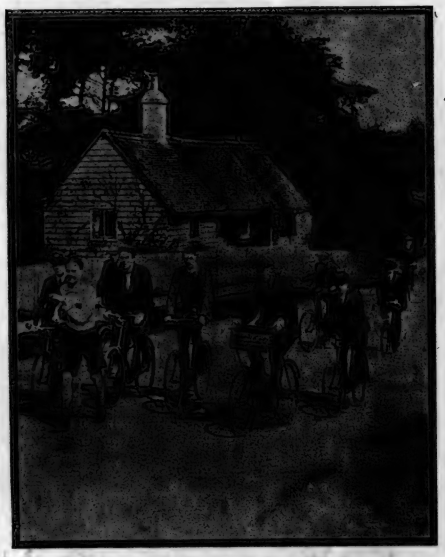
There is ground, however, and good ground for criticizing college rowing, but it is as to length of the training period, not in the length of the course. The American college crews now train nearly six months, a period altogether too long and wholly unnecessary—one more on the list of charges against the professional coach, whose demands and teachings are harmful in influence and sport-destroying in results.

* * *

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has taken measures to prevent the running or trotting of Marathon races for horses. An event of this kind, advertised to take place in one of the northern counties of New York State not long ago, brought a protest from C. Ed. Gudewill, a well-known horseman of Montreal, and a special agent of the Society was directed to warn the drivers and promoters that the laws against cruelty must be respected. There is no law against racing horses the full Marathon distance—26 miles and 385 yards—but such contests can hardly be decided without danger of driving or riding the competing horses beyond the point where sport ends and brutality begins. The promoters of the up-State race evidently thought so, for they promptly abandoned the proposed trial of speed and endurance.

In the early days of trotting there were many races and matches against time, which involved cruelty that nowadays would not be tolerated. At Mobile, in 1842, the trotting mare Empress was literally driven to death on the Bascombe course in an attempt to do thirty miles in two hours, and practically the same thing happened on one of the Long Island tracks in 1853, when the spotted mare Anna Bishop was backed to trot one hundred miles in nine hours. After doing forty-nine miles in four hours and eleven minutes she collapsed on the track and died soon afterward.

There are cases on record, however, where trotters have covered equally long distances in such matches and have come out uninjured. In 1845 General Dunham, of Albany, matched his mare Fanny Jenks to trot one hundred miles in ten hours, and she accomplished the feat with twenty-one minutes and twenty-four seconds to spare. In the following year three trotters started in a race of one hundred miles at Albany, and the winner, Fanny Murray, did the distance in 9.41.26 without great distress. Ariel went lame early in the race, yet was driven out to the end, finishing ten minutes behind the winner. Stager collapsed and was distanced.



T. E. HAMMOND ON HIS RECORD-BREAKING WALK FROM LONDON TO BRIGHTON.

A few old time horsemen recall a match made in 1850 by John F. Purdy,, a wealthy road rider, of New York, to drive his little mare Kate one hundred miles in ten hours. He won the wager with eleven minutes to spare. His mare was barely fourteen hands high, ten years old and weighed less than seven hundred pounds. She drew a sulky especially built which weighed only forty-six pounds.

Conqueror, a bay gelding whose sire and dam were by imported Bellfounder, an English hackney stallion, or Norfolk trotter, was matched for $4,000 to trot one hundred miles in nine hours on the Centreville, L.I., track in 1853, and won in 8.56.01, which still stands as the record for the distance. It is noteworthy and significant that none of these long distance trotters ever started again in public after their performances at one hundred miles.

* * *

VARIOUS athletic matters, such as the adoption of a new system of choosing managers and the discontinuance of collecting subscriptions, have been considered recently in editorials in the Harvard Crimson. Now the discussion has turned toward the limiting of athletic expenditure. This is suggested as likely to help out when a deficiency results after athletic subscriptions are abolished.

"There is absolutely no reason why a man who makes a team should consider it his prerogative," says The Crimson, "to be fed, nursed, clothed and amused at the expense of the athletic association. Yet such is the case. Most members of teams seem to consider that the college owes them a debt which must be paid off in this manner. The situation has been described as analogous to that of a certain type of lawyer, who so soon as he has an important case, considers it an opportunity for making a tour of investigation, traveling at his ease, stopping at the best hotels and living in luxury at his client's expense. The real distinction between the two situations is that the lawyer is conscious that the extravagance is justified while the athlete is not.

"The college treats the affair with seeming unconcern, but the real kicking comes from the officers of the athletic association, who know the facts. While willing to concede great liberty to the major teams in the matter of medical attendance, training tables, expensive outfits and 'H' sweaters, they are averse to unbending to the extent of dinners, theatre parties, pictures and like unessentials. Further, there is really no reason why $5 sweaters should be dealt out to members of class teams winning their numerals—teams which play three or four games at the most.

"Entirely aside from this there is considerable unnecessary leakage, examples of which come to light occasionally. There is no reason, for instance, why the stenographer accompanying one of the track coaches to watch the Yale-Princeton meet should get $20 for spending money.

"It may seem good policy to keep a team on which much depends in a pleased frame of mind by a little pampering now and then, but when a man who sees things from the inside makes the statement that a 33 per cent. reduction in expenditures is possible some attempt should be made to act in accordance."

* * *

THE creation of a fresh record in any branch of athletics is always interesting, because it assists in the refutation of the argument so often heard that the race is deteriorating. The new time made recently by T. E. Hammond for the London to Brighton walk is all the more remarkable when one reflects that in a little over twenty years the record over this time-honored route has been reduced by more than an hour. In 1886 the late J. A. Macintosh walked the distance in 9hr. 25min. 8sec., and this record, though made under unfavorable conditions, stood for eleven years. In 1897 E. Knott was the first amateur to get inside nine hours, his time being 8hr. 56min. 44sec., and thereafter minutes were lopped off with tolerable frequency alternately by J. Butler and Hammond. Butler did 8hr. 43min. 16sec. in 1903; Hammond, in the following year, did 8hr. 26min. 57sec.; in 1906 Butler regained the lead with 8hr. 23min 27sec.; and now Hammond has in his turn got on top again with 8hr 18min. 18sec.—a marvellous time, and one, cold, and the roads in many places under repair. Still, an average of 6¼ miles per hour for the whole journey will take some beating. Hammond walked with splendid judgment, starting off at a tremendous pace, slowing down a little bit for the middle portion of the journey, and finishing very strongly. He did the first seven miles in a little over the hour; at Crawley he was 2min. 47sec ahead of Butler's 1906 time, and, although at Bolney the margin was only 1min. 20sec., he again got well in front of his great rival's figures in the last dozen miles, and finished up 5min. 9sec. to the good. That there are other good walkers knocking about the country is shown by the fact that on the same day, in the Essex Road-Walking Championship, F. E. Roberts, out of a field of thirty-one, covered the same distance as the 8hr. 39min. 55sec. PLAYFAIR.

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DRAMA

THE great difficulty in trying to form an estimate of such a performance as that of "The Music Master" at the Royal Alexandra this week, is to separate the actor from the play. That the production in question has been a great, an almost unprecedented success, is now known to everyone in Toronto who pays the slightest attention to theatrical matters—and to many who don't. With the possible exception of Mrs. Fiske in "Salvation Nell," it is the finest production seen at that theatre this year; and in many minds no such exception will be made, as "The Music Master" contains much more of the stuff of which popularity is made than the other production. But then the question is, how much of this tre-

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE

mendous *eclat* (the occasion justifies linguistic display) is due to the play, and how much to the finest character actor on the American stage, an excellent supporting company, and a superbly complete stage-setting?

As for Warfield—to begin where unqualified praise is in order—there can be little question that in such a part as that of Von Barwig he is unequalled on the stage to-day. There are many good character actors on the English and American stage, but it is doubtful if any can approach him in his wonderful mastery of whimsical humor and gentle pathos. His art always hovers between laughter and tears, and he passes from one mood to the other so easily and with such consummate skill that one can hardly see where either begins and ends. Or rather, there is no beginning or ending, but a wonderful mingling of both. There is humor even in his pathos, and back of his laughter there is the wistfulness which tells of tears. It is only a magnificent artist that can do this without falling into foolish affectation or sloppy sentimentality. Nor is he limited to this gentle region where the sun shines softly through mists, but he can rise also to considerable emotional heights. He shows this in Von Barwig's interview with the man who had ruined his home. His splendid work here raised the scene from conventional and even melodramatic levels to those of poignant tragedy. But while his performance in this scene was superb, it is in the quieter situations that he is at his best. And those who have seen him will probably remember longest the quaintly pathetic and whimsical figure of the old music master among the odd but kindly inmates of the dingy boarding house on Houston street.

As for the play itself, the best that can be said for it is that it gives Warfield the opportunity he requires—but that is no small praise. In spite of the plot being conventional in its outlines and very sketchy in its development; in spite also of the weakness in handling some of the situations such as the final meeting between father and daughter after she had found out everything, the play nevertheless possesses many merits. It is full of pleasant and whimsical scenes of so-called Bohemian life; it presents a number of quaint and kindly characters; and its general tone is delightfully optimistic. These are qualities which compensate for defects of construction or occasional crudities in workmanship, and make of it, if not a great play, at least a good acting one.

There is no need—and little space—to go into details concerning the supporting company and the stage-setting. Let it suffice to say that both are excellent, and contribute greatly to the general success of the production. There is also another factor which must not be overlooked—and that is the manner in which the theatre is kept cool in spite of the extremely warm weather. The ventilation system in the Royal Alexandra has been doing yeoman service this week, and deserves a curtain call almost as much as any of them.

* * *

THERE is but one Lew, and Neil O'Brien and Al Jolson are his prophets. He was in town with his usual retinue of black-face retainers during the first half of the week, and while they were here there was a sure-nuff, razzle-dazzle, rag-time song-and-joke-fest at the Princess. Dockstader's latest is along somewhat different lines from the regulation style for minstrel entertainments, and the change is a welcome one. But while the frame-work was a little different the substance was the same, and it possessed all the old familiar humor and catchy melody. Altogether it was an excellent show, and the only regret was that they did not play for the whole week.

* * *

IN this brief review of the recent dramatic offerings, it would never do to overlook the burlesque put on last week by the Toronto Press Club. It wasn't a particularly wonderful burlesque, but there are many allowances to be made for a first effort. And this was the first effort of the kind on the part of the Club. It is therefore only natural that it should have been rather crude both in matter and manner. But the idea of such an entertainment, written and played by members of the Club and full of a racy local flavor, is an excellent one; and if the first effort has not proved altogether successful, it has at least been promising enough to warrant the members of the Club in hoping for better results another year, when perhaps it will be possible to devote more time and care to the production than were given this time.

* * *

GEORGE ADE'S comedy, "The County Chairman," will be presented on the evening of Monday, June 29, by a local company under the stage direction of Mr. C. Cloy Mantley, a member of the original cast. The production will be under the auspices of the Sons of Canada Benevolent Association. Dr. John Shayne will take the role of Jim Hacker, the political boss, and will be supported by Mr. H. Mortimer as Judge Rigby, Mr. Ben. Wase as Sassafras Livingstone, the no-count negro, Mr. George Proctor, and Mr. Joseph Norwich, while the leading female roles will be taken by Miss Vera Robinson as Lucy Rigby, Miss Margaret Saunders as Mrs. Rigby, and Miss Margaret Walsh as Mrs. Briscoe.

* * *

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW has issued a statement on the refusal of the Lord Chamberlain to license the performance of his new play, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," by the Afternoon Theatre. After making an attempt to identify the King with the Reader of Plays, Mr. Shaw says that "Blanco Posnet" will be published and performed in America and Europe.

Young dramatists, he adds, "cannot afford, as I accidentally can, to lose the price of months of arduous labor and be blacklisted by managers as dangerous. This reminder to them that there is safety in 'The Merry Widow' and the utmost danger in plays of the kind I write will inevitably act as a lesson to them which will seem gratifying and hopeful only to those who not only enjoy 'The Merry Widow'—I enjoy it myself greatly, for the matter of that—but who think that it presents a complete, satisfactory, and edifying view of human motive and destiny."

His play, he says, "is a very simple, and even crude, melodrama. It represents a little community of violent, cruel, sensual, ignorant, blasphemous, bloodthirsty backwoodsmen, whose

GEORGE M. PROCTER
In "The Country Chairman."

conception of manliness is mere brute pugnacity, and whose favorite sport is lynching. Into this welter of crude newspaperized savagery there suddenly comes a force—not mentioned in 'The Merry Widow'—to which they give the name of God, the slightest regard for which they make it a point of honor to despise as mere weakness of character. That force, nevertheless, at the crisis which is the subject of the drama, makes them

MLLE. POLAIRE
A Parisian Favorite, in the Apache Dance

do its will, and not their own, in a manner very amazing to themselves and, I should hope, not altogether unedifying to the spectators."

What the Censor, it is understood, objected to was the manner in which a horse thief speaks of the Divine Being after his conscience has awakened to His existence.

FIRST NIGHTER.

THE present season is unusually prolific of distended hunting stories. This is from a hunter who did not go abroad for sport:

"Why, once, do you know, I found a bear inside a hollow log. Well, of course, I couldn't get at him to shoot him, and the log was too heavy to move. I didn't know what to do. So at last I thought of cutting four holes in the log, about where the bear's feet must be, and I got his paws through, slick. Then I tied a rope about the log, and made him walk with it into camp. And—would you believe it?—we had all our food and all our fuel for the winter out of that one deal."

WHEN the Lusitania arrived in New York from Liverpool a short time ago a group of passengers were gathered on the pier vainly looking for a porter to cart their trunks over to the express waggon. Just as they were becoming thoroughly discouraged an exceedingly jovial and energetic colored man came bustling up with a small truck.

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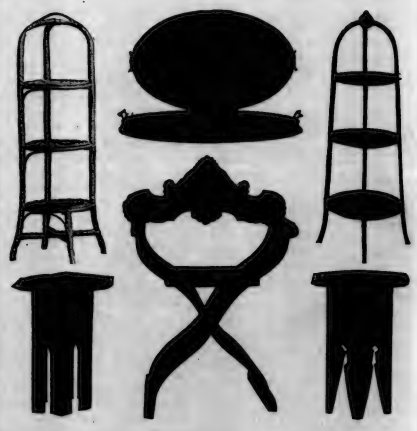

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MUSIC

ONE of the by-products of the musical art is the itinerant instructor. This modern equivalent of the Wandering Minstrel usually arrives upon the scene with great *eclat*, but his stay is invariably a short one, his departure being hastened by a falling off in pupils due to the gradual exposture of his charlatanism; and frequently, like the Arab, he folds his tent in the night and steals silently away, tenderly mourned by a few creditors or by pupils whom he has defrauded. Sometimes he even has the superb effrontery to come back to that same scene which he left without a due and proper regard for the niceties of financial obligations, but, if he does so, he is careful to wait until the old debts are safely outlawed. His stay is brief in any spot, sometimes only for the summer months, but occasionally he lasts out an entire season. At first he reaps a rich harvest of dollars from an all too credulous class of pupils who accept his own estimate and account of himself as gospel. But it is found before long by the pupils whom he has promised to transform into Carusos or Melbas in six months or a year that they are not getting any nearer the desired goal. Simultaneously with the establishment of this conviction, our hero by a mysterious psychical process discovers that his present surroundings are distasteful to him, and he forthwith departs for green fields and pastures new.

* * *

Next season in Toronto promises to be a particularly rich one musically. The Mendelssohn Choir under Dr. Vogt will give us a hearing of Brahms' great epoch-marking work, "The German Requiem"; Pierne's sensational composition for soli, choruses of children and adults, and large orchestra, "The Children's Crusade"; Cesar Frank's beautiful "Psalm 150," for chorus and orchestra; and a large number of unaccompanied works by such composers as Brahms, Palestrina, Tschaikowsky, Cesar Cui, Cornelius, Gavaert, Elgar and others. The Theodore Thomas Orchestra will co-operate with the Mendelssohn in the series of five concerts.

The National Chorus under Dr. Ham proposes to render a chorus from "Parsifal" in which a boy's choir of some fifty voices will participate. Additionally, the opening chorus from Boiti's "Mefistophele," and the "Dies Irae," Berlioz's "Requiem" have been announced. For the latter composition, besides the regular orchestra, four quartettes of trombones, to represent the four corners of the earth, are used with overpowering effect. The Toronto Symphony Orchestra will take part in the two concerts of the National Chorus. The Schubert Choir, under Mr. H. M. Fletcher, will render several interesting works including a novelty—to Torontonians—by Handel, and selections from Bach's "Passion." The Pittsburgh Orchestra will assist at the two concerts of the Schubert Choir.

It is reported that Dr. Broome is planning to launch a choral society of 100 or 125 voices, of which his Jarvis street Baptist Choir will form the nucleus.

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra have announced a series of six concerts, which will no doubt receive the support of the musical public. Dr. Torrington will give the "Messiah" and possibly the "Elijah." The Toronto String Quartette will offer a series of chamber-music concerts. A new instrumental trio having Miss Lena Adamson, violinist; Mr. John Linden, 'cellist; and Mr. Richard Tattersall, pianist, for its personnel, will make a bid for popular favor in programmes of distinct merit. Mr. Sherlock has as yet made no announcement of plans for his Oratorio Society. Mr. Tripp and his male chorus of University students will doubtless give a good account of themselves. All of which sounds very appetizing to the music lover.

* * *

An event of distinct novelty was the Schumann-Browning recital given by Miss Franziska Heinrich in the Convocation Hall of Trinity College on Tuesday evening last. Browning himself has said that

. . . "No speech may evince
Feeling like music—mine, o'er burthened with each gift
From every visitant, at last resolved to shift " ,
Its burthen to the back of some musician dead
And gone, who feeling once what I feel now, instead
Of words, sought sounds."

The recital was divided into three parts, consisting of groups of poems, which were read by Mr. E. T. Owen and Dr. R. J. Reade, and at the conclusion of each Miss Heinrich with rare insight played appropriate Schumann music, which was intended to reflect in each instance the poetic spirit of the words. The audience was most appreciative, and at the conclusion of the performance congratulations were showered upon the pianist for her sympathetic and discriminating interpretations. Miss Heinrich will be remembered as being only a few short years ago one of the most brilliant of Dr. Edward Fisher's younger pupils. Her studies in Germany were pursued under Herr Wiehmeyer, Mme. Carreno, and Herr Ferdinand Hiller; and her many friends wish her every success now that she has come back to take her place in Canadian musical life.

BEETHOVEN.

* * *

The closing exercises of St. Margaret's College were held on Monday last and attracted a large and interested audience composed of some of the many friends of this popular institution. The excellent results accomplished in all departments of the College life and work were in splendid evidence, and Mr. and Mrs. Dickson are to be congratulated upon the high standard maintained. The following musical programme was rendered with marked success: Song, "If I Were a Lark" (Chetsam), Miss Georgina Ross; piano solo, "Witches' Dance" (Macdowell), Miss Cecelia Proctor; song, "I Wait for Thee" (Hawley), Miss Sarah Buchanan; piano solo, "Cantique d'Amour" (Liszt), Miss Annie Dyke; vocal, "O Dry Those Tears" (Del Reigo), Miss Mina Leonard; violin solo, "Suite No. 111" (Ries), Miss Grace Fisher; piano solo, "Impromptu, Op. 90, No. 2" (Schubert), Miss Mildred Thompson; vocal, (a) "Melisande in the Wood" (Goetz), (b) "I Love You Truly" (Carrie J. Bond), Miss Lily Adamson; piano solo, "Impromptu" (Reinhold), Miss Juanita Cargill; vocal (a) "Jhelum Boat Song," from "Jhelum River," (b) "The Song of the Bride," (c) "Ashoo at Her Lattice" (Woodford Frieden), Miss Marie French.

* * *

M. Hasiam, the Parisian singing master, and formerly of Toronto, will give a special summer season at his home to accommodate the artists desirous of passing their roles, or forming a new concert repertoire for the ensuing season. This he has to do in order to accommodate those professional singers or teachers desirous of studying his system of La Pose de la Voix, and to whom this period only is available. His recent pupils have lately made most successful debuts on the continent.

* * *

At the closing exercises of Moulton College, a notable feature of the programme was the fine work of the glee club under Mr. Cringan's direction. Several part songs were rendered, and the quality of tone produced by the fresh sweet voices of the girls, the shading, precision, and the charm of the selections themselves were all admirable. Mr. Cringan has handled his chorus excellently, and deserves great praise for his work.

* * *

The Elgar Trio, composed of Miss Constance Veitch, 'cellist; Miss Marie Smith, violinist, and Miss Patricia Braziel, pianist, has recently filled several successful concert engagements throughout the province. This trio is also becoming an enjoyable feature at afternoon teas and receptions.

* * *

Last Saturday night the pupils of Frank Converse Smith were heard in recital in the theatre of the Normal School, by an audience that quite filled the auditorium. All of the participants showed careful training and some of them decided talent. Those deserving especial mention are Benedick Clark, who played Wieniawski's "Russian Airs" with a beautiful tone and fine technique; Miss Edith Edamson, who gave the Schubert-Lindner "Serenade" the required poetry; Miss Helen Seitz, who played Bohm's romantic Cavatina with breadth and warmth; Miss Ruth Coryell, who made a pronounced impression with Hubay's "Hejre Kati"; and Fred Denning, who surmounted the technical difficulties of Wilhelmj's transcription of the Schubert "Ave Marie" with ease and confidence. The others taking part were Kelso Norman, Will Seitz, Lloyd Carpenter, and Miss Eugenie St. Denis. A commendable feature of all of Mr. Smith's recitals is the ensemble work. Messrs. Cross and Stammers played the "Serenade" for two violins by Polanski, and Messrs. St. Denis, Smith, Denning and Clark gave an interesting rendition of Bach's "Double Concerto." In this number, Ernest Seitz, a pupil of Dr. A. S. Vogt, and one of the most promising of the younger pianists, was at the piano. Mr. Smith played the other accompaniments remarkably well.

Robert Stuart Pigott has been engaged to direct the new department of singing at The Margaret Eaton School of Expression, and a fine large studio is being prepared for him. Application for lessons may be addressed to him at his residence, the St. George, or at the School.

Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., has resigned his position of organist and choirmaster of Chalmers church in order to accept similar duties at Parkdale Presbyterian church.

ARPEGGIO.

* * *

A sacred song recital on Thursday of last week was given in Berlin, Ont., by advanced pupils of Ernst M. Shildrick, with organ and 'cello assistance by Mrs. T. J. Mowat and Mr. Chas. Clement, respectively. The following is the programme rendered: Organ—"Gavotte" (Scharwenka-Shelley); (a) "Elegie" (Massenet); (b) "O Loving Father" (Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana") (Mascagni), 'cello obligatos, Miss Edith Funk; (a) "It Was Not So To Be" ("Trompeter von Sackkingen") (Nessler); (b) "O Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star" ("Tannhaeuser") (Wagner), Mr. Harold M. Shildrick; (a) "And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears" ("The Light of the World") (Sullivan); (b) "Song of Thanksgiving" (Allitsen), Miss Agnes W. MacBean. Organ—"Serenade" ("Arcadian Idyl") (Lemare). Duet—"I Would That My Love" (Mendelssohn), Misses Hallman and Shildrick; "Save Me O God" (Randegger), Mr. Charles Ruby; (a) "My Redeemer and My Lord" ("Golden Legend") (Buck), (b) "With Verdure Clad" ("Creation") (Haydn), Miss Mary Hallman; (a) "Come Unto Me Ye Weary" (Steane), (b) "O Thou Afflicted" ("St. Peter") (Benedict), Miss Ora V. L. Shildrick; "God Save the King."

* * *

The piano recital of the pupils of Emeline E. Miller attracted a fashionable audience to the Margaret Eaton School of Expression on Saturday evening, 19th inst. Those taking part were Master Archie Bryce, Lawrence Wallace, Miss Edna Carr, Miss Effie Carr, Miss Elsie Worthington, Miss Edith Gash, Miss Leah McCarthy, Mr. Mark, Miss Lillian Fogler. In tone production and intelligent and artistic interpretation, the pupils from the primary to the advanced grades showed evidence of valuable instruction and careful study reflecting great credit upon their teacher.

In the playing of the primary pupils special mention should be made of that of Miss Edith Gash, who, though only a child of twelve years, possesses a decidedly artistic musical temperament and excellent technique. Miss Lillian Fogler's interpretation of the "Valse in E Major," by Moskonski, was intelligent and artistic, and she is a pupil of much promise. Mr. Mark played the "Si Oiseau J'etais," by Hensett, and the "Minuet in G," by Paderewski, with good technic. Elsie Worthington supplied the accompaniments to the trio. Valuable assistance was given Miss Miller by Miss Veitch, 'cellist, Mr. Dalton, violinist, and Miss Irene Glendenning, reader.

* * *

Dr. Albert Ham, the conductor of the National Chorus, leaves for a holiday of about two months on the 27th inst. His trip will include New York, England and the continent, and while away he will not only look into the matter of choral novelties for the chorus, but will also get fully posted regarding the itinerary of the greater artists, both American and foreign, who will be on tour during the coming season with a view of securing their services for the coming performances of the "National." As one of the principal numbers to be sung this season will be the "Sanctuary Scene" from "Parsifal," it is quite possible that while in Germany he may call on Frau Cosima Wagner regarding its production as a concert number, as this will be the first time on record that this stupendous work has ever been produced in this form.

A PROMINENT church worker of Baltimore was delivering one Sabbath a talk to a class comprising pupils who lived in a rather squalid section of the town.

The good man touched upon the quality of untruthfulness; and, at one point in his address, he said:

"I want every little boy who has never told a lie to raise his hand."

Not a hand went up; but a lad in the rear rose to ask a question.

"What is it, my boy?"

"Well, sir, what I want to ask is, is it a lie if nobody ever knows?"

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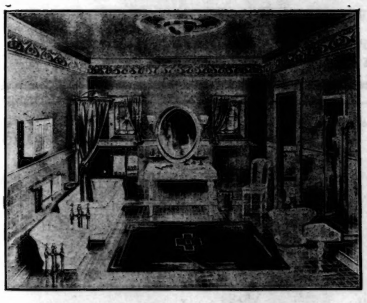

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Lady Gay's Column

I HAVE been always amused and interested in studying the demeanor and expression of hubby and wifie when they are going through what Josiah Allen's wife used to call a "pleasure exertion." When hubby takes wifie out by boat, rail, or motor he may start with the vivacity and good humor of a puppy dog, and come home with the abject aspect of a rooster in the rain. The process of discipline under which he wilts is cruel and thoroughly feminine, composed of nerves, nagging, and silent resentment of his every word and action. Sometimes it's the shoe on the other foot, and wifie is beginning the day full of larky sunshine and bubbling fun. She makes comical little jokes and cuddles up to her man, and makes eyes at him, and tosses her head, and is generally fascinating, and again, most feminine. And he? Look at his malevolent glances at some other man who eyes his jolly little comrade approvingly! Mark the impatient shrug and the lowering frown as she squeezes his arm and begs him to take notice of all the happy beautiful things they meet! He is sulky and silent, and by and by she gives it up, and either endures the rest of the "pleasure exertion" as best she may, or being unquenchable, flirts with the next door baby and makes friends with its ma. Sometimes the pair of excursionists separate as soon as may be, he to the smoking room or the forward deck, and she to a feminine coterie, a male friend or solitude and the lunch basket. As a contrast to all these misfits, I view with great satisfaction the occasional couple who enjoy themselves and each other, with the harmony and heartiness that bespeaks absolute congeniality and esteem. Unobtrusively, and as a matter of course, he finds the shadiest sheltered spot on deck to ensconce her in, the cool side of the train, the nicest seat on the coach, and his way of settling her comfortably, her little gentle look and word of thanks, convey in a deliciously subtle way, all the gaunt of love. From octave to octave one hears the sweet song: "I love you—you are the best thing I own. There is nothing too good for you. My joy and pride are to look after and care for you." One catches inspiration from the couple who take their pleasure in this fashion; their ways are plain and a certain delicate reserve is about their converse with one another. But the fine flower of courtesy born of deep love, of gratitude sweet as honey, of happy confidence and mutual high value, touches the observant one with a sudden sweetness and sacredness.

A new book, by a former Torontonian, Alice Ashworth, now Mrs. Townley, of Vancouver, is one of Briggs' offerings this month. "The Opinions of Mary" have occasionally been aired in newspapers, when Mrs. Townley lived as a girl in Toronto. They are elaborated in the book over which I have been smiling this week. Apropos of the present feminine invasion, Mary's opinions on the franchise for women are delightfully expressed. And there is a good deal in her notion that women who pester and orate and become jail birds for disturbing the peace and breaking the laws of the land are missing their true hold on men. "Let her just *cry* for a vote, and she'll get it," says the astute Mary. "Some big-hearted, generous men will see her tears, and will be moved to action. 'Here—give her a vote at once, if she wants it! Don't you see she's crying?' they will shout, and lo! the franchise and smiles in place of tears." With such fun and delicate raillery Mary's opinions are set forth. The book should go into the carry-all of everyone of "Mary's" former fellow-citizens, before they are fully equipped for the vacation.

I had a comical experience at the City Hall reception the other night. Following the dictates of hospitality, I was casting a watchful eye about for anyone at the reception who seemed isolated and unappropriated that I might give them a pleasanter impression of our desire to make them specially welcome. Here and there a few merry words, an introduction to others like-minded with myself, and such little courtesies were being put into action, when a lady standing aloof attracted my notice. "I shall be nice to that lonely stranger," quoth I, and proceeded to environ her! We got on like hot cakes! Laughing over some contretemps of her arrival, discussing prominent and notable guests who passed our corner, and now and then exchanging information about queer looking delegates in peculiar costumes, we had a jolly half hour. Then, when politeness permitted, I began to locate her with the query: "And what country do you represent?" "Oh," said she, with a wide smile, "I belong to Toronto. I live in —— avenue, and I know you quite well by sight!" Tra-la-la! Stung!

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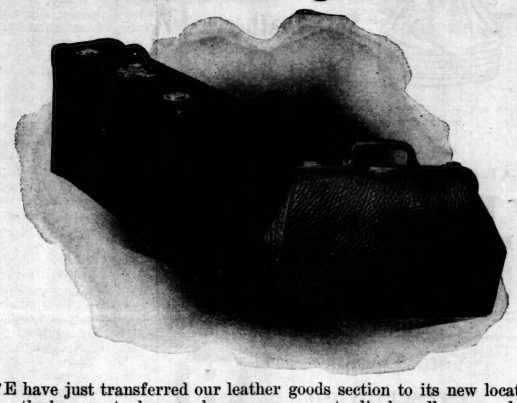

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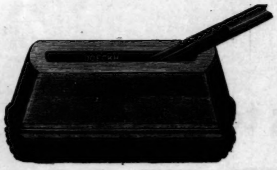

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14

SOCIETY

A VERY quiet wedding took place at Sherbourne street Methodist church at half-past three on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Jessie Mae Dickinson, only daughter of the late William Dickinson and Mrs. Dickinson, of College street, was married to Mr. Arthur Dudley Brunskill, second son of the late Dr. Thos. Brunskill, of Glen ave., Deer Park. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Geo. Brown. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Walter Dickinson, wore a silver gray rajah travelling suit with hat to match. Miss Birdie Deane was bridesmaid, and Mr. Persee R. Brunskill was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Brunskill left on the 4.40 train for the West.

Mr. Arthur Hewett, who has been paying a short visit to his sister, Mrs. Wm. Inglis, in Parkdale, has left for Great Neck, L.I., for a vacation before returning to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. C. Durham, of Elm avenue, Rosedale, left last week for a trip through Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

Dr. R. Sidney Woollatt sailed on Saturday on the Laurentic for England.

The Toronto Canoe Club holds its annual regatta and At Home at the club house at 2.30 this afternoon.

Miss May Whitehead, of 168 Jameson ave., Parkdale, left this week for a three months' visit to St. Paul, Minn.

Visitors to Niagara have missed the Cleopatra, which fine yacht is not in commission this year. The Tekla, the Eaton yacht, is a splendid craft.

On June 25 and 26, a June *fete* garden party and high tea is in progress in the Bishop Strachan College grounds, under the auspices of St. Luke's church in aid of the Langtry Memorial Fund. A cricket match, gentlemen playing left-handed against ladies, is one of the many good things on the programme, and it is hoped that the Mayor will bowl the first ball. Canon Welch will captain the team who will use ball clubs instead of bats, giving the ladies a good chance to win. The May Queen will be crowned by the pupils of the school of the sisters of the church, Walmer road.

Lady Edgar's At Home on Tuesday was one which gave the delegates an opportunity of seeing something of the country north of Toronto, the trolley ride from Toronto to Roache's Point, Lake Simcoe, being one of much interest and beauty. Special cars left early in the afternoon, and the showers having ceased, the country looked its best for the occasion. Arrived at The Pines, the guests found hearty welcome and a tempting high tea on the lawn, and spent hours in the pure air and admiring the fine view from the elevation on which The Pines stands. The Countess of Aberdeen motored out, but owing to a puncture, the motor was late in delivering its distinguished passenger, who got there just as the party was over, and I hear, remained for the night. Consequently she was unable to go to Niagara with the excursionists on Wednesday.

The engagement of Miss Isabel Crawford, eldest daughter of Hon. Thomas Crawford, and Rev. Howard H. Eaton, is announced. Their marriage takes place next month.

Mrs. T. M. Harris gives a tea at the Lambton Golf Club on Tuesday for Lady Aberdeen and the Quinquennial delegates, and Mrs. Kemp entertains in their honor on Monday afternoon at Castle Frank.

Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, of Clovelly, have gone to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Miss and Mr. Jack Somerville are at the King Edward.

Miss Isabel Ryerson, who has been in hospital with an attack of appendicitis, is convalescent, having made a most satisfactory and speedy recovery.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Quinte, Belleville, are the following: Mrs. John S. Hendrie, Miss Enid Hendrie, Hamilton; Miss Braithwaite, Mrs. A. C. Maron, Mr. and Mrs. Mark H. Irish, Miss L. M. Irish, Geo. H. Gooderham, F. F. Brentnall, Dr. J. O. Orr, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Miss Brent, Miss Holland, Miss Darling, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Haney, Miss M. Haney, Miss E. Haney, A. Ansley, J. P. Northey, Geo. D. Forbes, Geo. J. Foy, L. P. Bouvier, Toronto; Welland P. Woodruff, St. Catharines; C. H. Parmelee, F. Gouldthrite, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Powell, Ottawa; Bruce Carruthers, Kingston; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Whyte, Miss M. McGuigan, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Story, New York City; Miss M. E. Scully, Philadelphia; Mr. and Mrs. Morris W. Chase, Syracuse; Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Williams, F. Cushing, Rochester; B. D. Harris, Mrs. S. F. Ryan, St. Louis, Mo.

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$1.75 Persian Lawn Princess Slips, deep flare flounce, lace trimmed neck and sleeves, Dominion Day **98c**

Women's $1.75 Madras Pajamas, all white or pretty stripe, pearl buttons, Dominion Day **98c**

$2.50 Batiste Night Gowns, double medallion yoke, cluny and Val. lace insertion, wide sleeves, with edge and insertion, Dominion Day **1.29**

SUMMER DRESS SALE

H. A. MELDRUM CO., Buffalo.

$7.50 Princess Style Summer Dresses, of racquet cloth and imported rep., white and colored, with self-covered buttons, Dominion Day **3.95**

$5.00 Summer Dresses, of figured or striped lawn, princess style, elaborately trimmed with lace or embroidery insertions, Dominion Day **2.90**

$10.00 Princess Lingerie Dresses, white and the fashionable colors, lace, insertions, full flounce skirt, Dominion Day **5.00**

$2.00 Heavy Shrunk Cotton Walking Skirts, new flared models, plain or gored, or with folds; they fit and hang perfectly; Dominion Day **95c**

MILLINERY SALE

H. A. MELDRUM CO., Buffalo.

Lot of this season's best selling dress shapes, all colors, worth to $1.98 each, Dominion Day **15c**

One table Fine Jap. Braid, Milan and Chip Dress Shapes, worth to $2.50 each, Dominion Day **25c**

$1.98 Banded Sailors, black, white and burnt color Dominion Day **50c**

HANDKERCHIEF SALE

H. A. MELDRUM CO., Buffalo.

Women's 39c. Fine Linen and Shamrock Hemstitched and Embroidered Handkerchiefs, Dominion Day **17c**

Women's Finest Embroidered and Hemstitched Linen Hankerchiefs, worth to 50c, Dominion Day **25c**

Men's 50c. All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs **17c**

Women's Cross-bar 5c. Cambric Hemstitched Handkerchiefs .....
Women's 5c. Linen Hemstitched-Handkerchiefs .....
Men's 5c. Hemstitched Cambric Handkerchiefs ..... **3c each**

WASH GOODS SALE

H. A. MELDRUM CO., Buffalo.

17c. Rambler Batiste, for Jumper suits..
19c. Foulard-design American Sateen .
36-inch 17c. American Percales ....
12½c yard

35c. Irish Dimities, American Poplins, Belfast Striped Linen Suitings **25c**

22c. Galatea Outing Cloth Plain and Checked American Chambrays **17c**

50c. Dotted Chiffon de Soie **35c**

$1.00 Rough Pongee, 50 inches wide, apricot, old blue and old rose **59c**

MEN'S SHIRT SALE—DOMINION DAY.

33c Soft-bosom Negligees—Plain or Plaited-bosom Negligees **49c** White and Colored—Handsome New Patterns **69c**

Taylor-Forbes Lawnmowers are made with self-sharpening genuine Sheffield steel knives. No imported Lawnmower can be sold against them with advantage to the purchaser.

"Star"
"Empress"
"Woodyatt"

For Sale by all Reliable Hardware Dealers.

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS

KLEISER—On Friday, June 11, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kleiser, 18 Chestnut Park, a daughter.

DOHERTY—On Wednesday, June 23, at Grace Hospital, to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Doherty, 60 Prince Arthur ave., a son.

MARRIAGES.

PATTERSON—HARMER—At St. Paul's church on Tuesday the 22nd of June, 1909, by the Rev. Canon Cody, Marie Blanche de Vere, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Harmer, to Herbert Kendall Patterson, of Toronto.

SAUNDERS—PARKER—At Guelph, on June 22, Robert Morris Saunders, to Edythe Alice Parker.

DEATHS.

SPRINGER—On June 23, Mrs. Emily Black Springer, widow of the late Col. Benjamin Springer, aged 74.

STEVENSON—At 118 Roxboro' St. west, on Wednesday, June 23, 1909, Emily C. Stevenson.

ST. GERMAIN—At his late residence, Bedford Park, on Friday, June 18, 1909, Alfred H. St. Germain, in his 82nd year.

Phone **W.H. STONE CO.** **UNDERTAKERS** 32 CARLTON ST. N. 3755

ALEX. MILLARD UNDERTAKER Private Mortuary Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

Some of the characteristics which have won popularity for the

Gourlay Piano

are

its beautiful singing tone,
its evenness of scale,
its responsiveness of action,
its beauty of design
and
its capacity to withstand hard usage without becoming "tinny."

Gourlay piano is supreme in all the qualities which are the desire of musicians and music-lovers.

Write for booklet.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 Yonge St., Toronto.

Shoes that Satisfy at Prices that Please

You can purchase here for $5.00 a pair of shoes you won't have to "break in."

Real foot comfort depends chiefly upon two things—the fit of your shoes and the quality of the leather in them.

Our business is based on a belief in the advisability of doing **a large trade with small profits,** rather than **a small trade with large profits.** Hence, the fact that our price has been fixed at $5.00, in spite of the superior quality of every shoe in our store.

We are experts in shoe fitting, and on our ability to choose the last most suitable for your particular foot depends our belief that we can give you foot comfort such as you will find nowhere else in town. Try us anyway.

We can surely satisfy you, as we have innumerable styles and all sizes.

KING EDWARD SHOE STORE
Phone M. 4758 V. J. McCabe
KING EDWARD HOTEL.
Entrances from Victoria and from Hotel Rotunda

Why Chateau Brand Pork and Beans are Digestible

No home oven can make baked beans thoroughly digestible.

Because no home oven can generate a sufficient amount of heat, and maintain it long enough.

Chateau Brand Pork and Beans are slowly baken in small quantities at a time at an even heat from start to finish.

By this process beans are neither burnt nor broken but every particle of the bean is mealy and perfectly cooked.

It's this thorough baking process that prevents Chateau Brand Beans from fermenting when eaten, and makes them so perfectly digestible.

A substantial piece of choice pork is found in every can of Chateau Brand Baked Beans.

Chateau Brand Baked Beans are prepared either plain or with tomato sauce and sold in three sizes, at 10, 15, and 20 cents a tin.

WM. CLARK, Mfr.
MONTREAL.

Society at the Capital

THE marriage of Miss Berthe Brodeur, only daughter of Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and Madame Brodeur, to Mr. Joseph de Lorimier, of Montreal, was solemnized at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning at the Juniorate of the Sacred Heart. Owing to the continued serious illness of the bride's mother, the wedding was of a very quiet nature, and the guests included only the immediate relatives of bride and groom and one or two very near friends. Among the latter being Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. The chapel was for the occasion converted into a veritable bower of flowers and greenery, roses and carnations filling the air with their fragrance. Rev. Father Jeannotte officiated.

The bride came in with her father and was very tastefully gowned in a costume of champagne colored broadcloth, with the fashionable long coat elaborately inlet with heavy insertion of the same shade and collar and facings of black velvet. A blouse of rich Duchesse lace was worn under the coat, and the very becoming chapeau was of pale blue tulle trimmed with a wreath of roses shading from palest pink to deepest crimson. The bridegroom's gift, a gold and amethyst necklace, was the only ornament worn, and the conventional bridal boquet of white roses and lily of the valley was carried by the attractive bride. There were no attendant maids, and the groom's uncle, Mr. A. de Lorimier, of Montreal, supported him. During the service some most exquisitely rendered solos were sung by Mr. Reigneur Brodeur, the bride's brother, and the Messieurs Ouimet and Chollette.

After a short *dejeuner* at Hon. Mr. Brodeur's residence in Daly avenue, the bride hurried away to don her travelling attire, which was of smoke grey broadcloth made in the popular Directoire fashion with long coat handsomely braided in narrow silk braid. A panama hat with trimmings of mauve satin and bunches of heliotrope and roses completed an extremely chic and graceful costume.

The young people left on the eleven o'clock morning train for Toronto and Niagara Falls, and later in the week sailed for England, and will travel on the continent until September, when they will take up their residence in Montreal. The gifts received by the bride numbered upwards of four hundred, and came from all parts of the Dominion. They included handsome pieces of silver, rare brasses, beautiful cut glass, pictures, and several generous cheques.

Her Excellency, accompanied by Lady Sybil, are leaving this week to pay a short visit to Toronto, and while in that attractive city will be the guests of His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Gibson and Mrs. Gibson at Government House.

Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, with their three daughters, expect to spend the hot months at St. Andrew's, N.B., and other Ottawans who will summer at this picturesque spot are Mrs. Robert Gill and her three little sons, Mr. and Mrs. John Pugsley, Miss Sara Sparks, and Mrs. Norman Guthrie with her children.

Quite a large contingent of young people, with several chaperones, left for Kingston to-day and on Saturday to be present at the Royal Military College ball, which is noted for being one of the most brilliant annual affairs of the kind in the Dominion. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reade, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Maud Codville, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Carling and Miss Gladys Carling, Miss Dorothy White, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, Miss Norah McKiel, Miss Isobel Badgeley, Miss Claudia Bate, Miss Hazel Todd, Miss Muriel Wainwright, Miss Marie Coursol, Miss Gertrude Coutlee, the Misses Muriel and Edith Hubbell, Mr. and Mrs. James Reiffenstein, Miss Hall and Miss Harlene Wurtele. Several of the party motored up to Kingston with Mr. Fred Carling.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, June 21, 1909.

One of the most curious bets made in connection with the Derby was one offered by Robinson, the jockey. He wagered that he would win the Derby and the Oaks and get married all in the same week. This was in 1824. He won the Derby with Cedric and the Oaks with Cobweb, and he actually celebrated his wedding within that Derby Week. History does not say whether he had been courting the bride before, or whether she was an "impromptu" to save the bet.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Only Line Reaching All the Highland Resorts.

Charming Muskoka
Beautiful Lake of Bays
Picturesque Georgian Bay
(Parry Sound and Point au Baril)
Algonquin Park, Magnetawan and French Rivers and
PEERLESS TEMAGAMI

Service in Effect June 26 from Toronto.

Muskoka and Lake of Bays 12.05 noon and 2.05 a.m. — By all means the favorite way is the pioneer route along shore of Lake Simcoe and Lake Couchiching and across the Severn to Muskoka Wharf, the starting point of the Muskoka Lakes steamer. Do not miss the beautiful sail up Muskoka Lake to Beaumaris and Indian River to Pt. Carling, thence to Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph. Handsome coaches, buffet and cafe cars. (Night train Sleeper open at 9.30 p.m. **Both trains also make direct connection at Huntsville** for points on Lake of Bays, including new Wawa Hotel.

Georgian Bay 11.50 a.m. — New solid train, parlor car and coaches, to Penetang Wharf, where new steamer Waubic takes you to Honey Harbor, Go Home Bay, **Minnecog, San Souci, Rose Point, Parry Sound and Pt. Au Baril,** one of the most charming trips in America.

Algonquin Park 1.30 p.m. and 2.05 a.m. — Fisherman's and Canoe Lovers' Resort, 2,000,000 acres of Lakes, Rivers and Woods. **New Hotel, "Highland Inn,"** enlarged and improved.

Magnetawan River 8.05 a.m. and 10.20 p.m. — Connection at Burks Falls. Beautiful river trip and good fishing.

French River 10.20 p.m. — Connects at North Bay with steamer for French River points. Splendid fishing.

Temagami 10.20 p.m. and 2.05 a.m. — The Campers' Paradise—Excellent fishing and three good hotels—Ronnoco, Temagaind Inn and Lady Evelyn. Over 1,400 Islands, and Virgin Forest unequalled in America.

The Grand Trunk City Office, North-west Corner King and Yonge Sts., is the place to go for Tickets, Illustrated Folders and Information, or address

J. D. McDONALD,
Dist. Passenger Agent, Union Station, Toronto

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59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS. FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ✦ SAVON
Unrivalled
for the preservation of the Skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

IMPROVED SERVICE
COMMENCING JUNE 26
MUSKOKA LAKE RESORTS, PARRY SOUND, POINT AU BARIL, FRENCH AND PICKEREL RIVERS, SUDBURY

Local train will leave Toronto 9.00 a.m. daily, except Sunday, for Bolton, Palgrave, Tottenham, Beeton, Alliston, Craighurst, Bala, Muskoka, and all intermediate points.

New Through Train for Buffalo leaves Toronto at 1.15 p.m. daily, except Sunday, commencing June 28.

Through Train for Bala, Parry Sound, Point au Baril, Sudbury and intermediate points will leave Toronto at 11.35 a.m. daily, except Sunday, making connections at Bala with steamers for all Muskoka Lake resorts, and at Point au Baril Station with Steamer Ophir for Point au Baril hotels and resorts. Through cafe parlor car Toronto to Sudbury.

COMMENCING JUNE 22

Through Sleeper for Cleveland Leaves Toronto at 7.10 p.m. Daily, Except Sunday.

Through Sleeper for Pittsburg Leaves Toronto at 7.10 p.m. Daily, Except Sunday.

Remember the **FAST THROUGH TRAIN** leaving Toronto at 4.00 p.m. daily, except Sunday, for Galt, Woodstock, St. Mary's, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, London, Chatham, Detroit and Chicago. Through coaches and sleeper Toronto to Chicago.

Local Train for London and intermediate points leaves Toronto at 2.45 p.m. daily, except Sunday, carries parlor car.

DAILY TRAINS for Peterboro', Havelock, Tweed, Smith's Falls, Montreal and intermediate points leave Toronto at 9.00 a.m. and 10.00 p.m.

Through Fast Train leaves Toronto 5.25 p.m. daily, except Sunday, for Guelph, Elmira, Milverton, Blythe, Goderich and Intermediate points.

Full particulars from your nearest C.P.R. Agent, or write **R. L. THOMPSON, D.P.A., Toronto**

NIAGARA NAVIGATION COMPANY

BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS TORONTO
Route.

Leave Toronto (Sunday excepted) 7.30 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 3.45 p.m., 5.15 p.m.

Dominion Day, July 1st

Niagara, Lewiston or Queenston,	Return same day.	**$1.25**
	Afternoon,	**1.00**
Niagara Falls,	Return same day.	**1.00**
Buffalo,	Return same day.	**2.00**

SPECIAL
Good going June 30, July 1. Returning July 6.

Niagara, Lewiston or Queenston,	**$1.25**
Niagara Falls,	**2.00**
Buffalo,	**2.50**
Cleveland,	**5.00**

CHOICE OF ROUTES

CITY TICKET OFFICES—Ground Floor of Traders Bank Building, and A. F. Webster's, Telephone M. 4028.

BOOK TICKETS ON SALE at City Ticket Office, Traders Bank Building. 281f

CANADIAN NORTHERN

THE LAKE SHORE EXPRESS
10.00 A.M.

Connecting at Bala Park and Lake Joseph with Muskoka Navigation Company steamers, arriving hours earlier than any other route.

Train leaves Union Station 8.00 a.m., steamer connection at Lake Joseph for Port Cockburn and Stanley House. 10.00 a.m., "Lake Shore Express." Finest equipment on the continent. 5.15 p.m. Observation-Dining Parlor Cars.

Full information and handsome illustrated literature at Ticket Office, corner King and Toronto Sts., and Union Station. Main 5179.

MRS. MEYER'S PARLORS

At Sunnyside are again the attraction to those who want nice, restful, healthful surroundings, while partaking of Dinners or Lunches, including our famous Fish Meals also the prettiest Ballroom in the city.

P. V. MEYER, Proprietress
TEL. P. 905

Shawls and Wraps Cleaned

Shawls or Wraps needed these cool evenings will need cleaning. We can clean them to your entire satisfaction.

R. PARKER & CO.
Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen Street East.

BEST MERCHANDISE—LOWEST PRICES

Flint & Kent

Buffalo, N.Y.

Extraordinary Clearance Sale

Women's and Girls' Garments

We shall begin on Tuesday, June twenty-ninth, our Semi-Annual Clearance Sale of Women's and Girls' Dresses, Suits, Coats, Waists and Skirts. :: :: ::

Time—This Extraordinary Reduction Sale will continue throughout the week, and until all garments included in the sale have been sold.

Quality and *Style*—Our garments are from the foremost representative makers of women's clothing in America, embodying their best ideas in exclusive and original designs and modified reproductions of the best foreign modistes.

Prices—All garments are marked in plain figures, showing both the original and the present reduced price, which in many instances is half or less than half the former prices.

Fine Costumes and Silk Dresses

Of rich Crepe Meteor, Messaline, Foulard and Pongee Silks in exclusive models. Beautiful Lingerie Dresses of fine white Batiste, chiefly hand-made and in original designs; white Linen Dresses handsomely trimmed with Venetian and Cluny lace. All are marked for this sale at extreme reductions.

Costumes—Original prices up to....	$195.00, now	$85.00
Costumes—Original prices up to.....	125.00, now	55.00
Costumes—Original prices up to.....	75.00, now	35.00
Silk Dresses—Original prices up to..	65.00, now	30.00
Silk Dresses—Original prices up to..	45.00, now	20.00
Silk Dresses—Original prices up to..	35.00, now	15.00
Odd assortment of Silk and Cloth Dresses, now marked		$10.00
Tailor Made Dresses up to $55.00 now marked		20.00

Tailored Walking Suits

A limited number of Dress and Coat Models in the season's approved cloths, particularly smart exclusive styles with braid or embroidery:

Walking Suits—Original prices up to..	$65.00, now	$30.00
Walking Suits—Original prices up to..	45.00, now	20.00
Walking Suits—Original prices up to..	35.00, now	15.00
Dress and Coat Models—Original prices up to	125.00, now	45.00

Evening Capes, Wraps, Coats

Of Broadcloth, Satin and Pongee Silk in novel and attractive garments, uncommon in style and very desirable:

Original prices up to $55.00, now	$35.00
Original prices up to $35.00, now	20.00

Original prices up to $25.00, now $10.00.

Elaborate Showing of Waists

Fine assortment of lace, silk, and exquisite Lingerie Waists. Models exclusively our own:

Silk and Lace Waists—Originally up to	$35.00, now	$10.00
Silk and Lace Waists—Originally up to	15.00, now	7.50
Silk and Lace Waists—Originally up to	10.00, now	5.00
Lingerie Waists—Originally up to....	25.00, now	10.00
Lingerie Waists—Originally up to....	15.00, now	7.50
Lingerie Waists—Originally up to.....	10.00, now	5.00
Odd Lace and Silk Waists, now marked		2.50
Slightly Soiled White Waists, were up to	$7.50, now	3.50
Slightly Soiled White Waists, were up to	$3.50, now	1.50

Girls' Dresses and Coats at Radical Reductions.

Women's Tan Russia Oxfords $2.48

Regularly $3.50, $4.00 *and* $5.00.

On Monday, June 28, we shall place on Sale our entire remaining stock of $3.50, $4, and $5 Women's Tan Oxfords—this season's shoes—at $2.48 a pair.

This will include about 500 pairs of the most desirable and fashionable Summer Outing Oxfords. All sizes and widths, but not in each style. This sale will continue throughout the entire week unless the collection is sold out before.

Tan Russia Calf, Blucher cut and straight lace; wide, medium and narrow toe; Cuban and common sense heels; light and heavy soles.

FLINT & KENT Buffalo, N.Y.

A Case in Point

(*Continued from page 9.*)

a wild shout, "Read it yourselves, then!" he flung the heavy tome down into the crowded House. There was a second or so of silence as it fell, and then it smote the noble curve of a genial, grey-haired baronet's waistcoat! The honorable baronet was leaning back, with his eyes shut, in ecstasies of laughter, when the thud surprised him. Even in that supreme moment, as his jolly, red face turned almost green, he remembered parliamentary conventionalities sufficiently to murmur nothing more forcible than "Order, order!" as he curled up in his seat.

Lord Boreham was led quietly away to the Moses Room, where he was seen by a medical man, and, having been certified to be suffering from brain fever, was taken home by Mr. Grigley and the doctor. And next day the papers which announced his departure for a rest and change of scene on the South Coast contained the most vivid descriptions of the scene in the House. Nearly every writer spoke of the noble lord as "revisiting the scenes of his former triumphs," and three papers had interviews with the corpulent baronet, who agreed most feelingly with the general verdict that never before in the history of Parliament had there been so impressive a case in point.

The Dispossessed Heart.

FAIR Mabel had a dainty waist,
A triumph of the fashion's art.
But, ah, so tightly was it laced
There wasn't room for Mabel's heart.

The hapless heart was in despair;
"I must beat somewhere! I believe
I've heard a pretty girl will wear
Her heart sometimes upon her sleeve."

But Mabel's sleeve clung like a skin
To Mabel's softly-rounded arm—
The beating heart could not squeeze in.
It looked about in vague alarm:

"Well, well! I must try other routes.
Of timid maids I've heard it said,
Often their hearts are in their boots!"
And downward then it quickly sped.

"Ah, this place," said the heart, "I choose!"
Alas, it found no room to beat—
The little patent-leather shoes
So snugly fitted Mabel's feet.

Now, though deep fear the poor heart smote,
It thought: "Sometimes a girl can't sing
Because her heart is in her throat;
I do believe that's just the thing!"

To Mabel's lovely throat it stole,
But once again—poor, luckless wight!—
It failed to reach its longed-for goal—
Her collar was so high and tight!

The desperate heart, despairing, sighed,
"There's no place left but Mabel's hat.
Aha! I'm saved" with joy it cried—
For there was lots of room on that!

—Carolyn Wells, in Life.

General Stawes was a martinet, a stickler for etiquette, a man with a prodigious sense of his own dignity, and when Private S. Weigh, the bugler, one day failed to honor him in passing with the customary salute he flew—internally—into a towering rage.

"Knutt," he said that afternoon to the Colonel, "Private Weigh failed to salute me this morning. A breach of etiquette, sir! A piece of impertinence—my dignity—haw! See that the man is severely reprimanded."

Colonel Knutt trembled and nodded and next day spoke to the Captain.

"Bisket," he said, "Private Weigh failed to salute the General yesterday. Please see that he is severely reprimanded."

"Right, sir," said Captain Bisket, and the next day he spoke to the sergeant. "Sergeant," he said, "Weigh didn't salute the General. See that he is severely reprimanded."

"Look here, Binks," said the sergeant next day to the corporal bugler, "give Weigh a good talking to, will you? He didn't salute the old General the other day."

Finally the corporal bugler communicated with Private Weigh.

"Look here, funny face," said he, "if you don't salute old Pokerback next time you meet him, what-ho, young feller, you'll get a blooming clout on the ear 'ole!"—Tit-Bits.

DOMINION DAY TRIPS.

The Niagara Navigation Company will place an extra steamer in commission on July 1 in order that there will be no overcrowding. Special rates will prevail to Niagara, Lewiston, Queenston, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, etc., good both for the day and for an extended period. Steamers leave from foot of Yonge street, 7.30, 9, 11 a.m., 2, 3.45, 5.15 p.m. Dining rooms and lunch counters on all boats. City Ticket Office, ground floor, Traders Bank Building. Telephone Main 6536 for full particulars.

"What do you mean by coming home at this hour, and in such a condition?" "Well, Mary—y'see I stayed a lil' late at the Thompson's, playin' bridge." "That's a nice story! It happens that the Thompsons have been here all the evening." "O pshaw! What's the use of arguing with a woman."—Life.

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A Store where your trade, be it large or small, is appreciated.

Fine Cigars and Tobaccos; A Courteous and Obliging selling staff Combine to make Buying Cigars a Pleasure

At **A. CLUBB & SONS,** "Only Store" **5 King St. West**

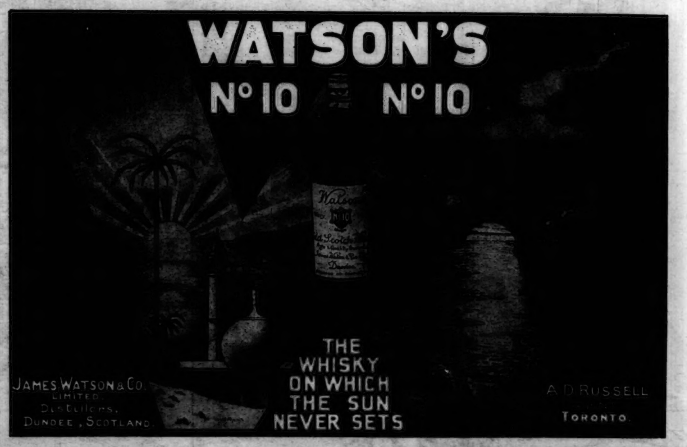
"Depot for B.B.B. Pipes"

ON SALE AT ALL FIRST-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

No brand could obtain the high reputation of

B.B.B. PIPES

except by reason of "Highest Quality."



Come In!!!

Hot? Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it is cooling and refreshing.

Tired? Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it relieves fatigue.

Thirsty? Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it quenches the thirst.

DRINK

Coca-Cola

Whenever you're bodily fagged or brain weary or just want a delicious, wholesome, thirst-quenching beverage,

GET THE GENUINE

5c Everywhere

Coca-Cola is made in Canada

Whenever you see an Arrow think of Coca-Cola.